

# THE LONDON READER

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[THE SIGHT MADE HIM FEEL GIDDY AND SICK.]

## SWEET INISFAIL.

A ROMANCE.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

AUTHOR OF

"The Mystery of Killard," "The Weird Sisters,"  
"The Duke's Sweetheart," "A Sapphire Ring," etc.

### PART I.—INHERITANCE.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"BY MURDER!"

MR. FAIL and Manton drove to the eastern end of the town, and when they had passed the infantry barracks, turned to the right and

crossed the river. Then taking the first turn to the left, they went along a suburban road, eastward.

The day was fresh and clear and bright. For the first two miles or so their way took them along a level road running almost parallel to the river, which was not, however, visible. On their right, the land dipped very slightly for about a mile, and then rose abruptly into the first hill line, whose summit was irregularly broken into little peaks. Behind this first line rose another, to twice the height of the near one, and behind all, five solitary hilly pinnacles hung high in the clear air away to the south-east.

When they emerged from the shadows of the trees growing in the gardens of the suburban houses, and could see right and left, Mr. Fail pointed to the distant peaks, and said:

"Our way will take us under those five mountain tops you see there. We shall have to go round the eastern root of this near range

of hills. What appears to you to be a second ridge, independent of those peaks and distinct from the nearer range, is really the continuation of the same system to which those five peaks belong, but owing to a considerable dip in the second system after it has risen into those peaks, there is an appearance of three ranges to the left. To the left, here," pointing in the north-west direction, "is the great plain of Tipperary, which is almost as level as a table, to the borders of Limerick, and thereabouts, although hidden by distance from view, is the richest stretch of land in the United Kingdom—the Golden Vale. That solitary mountain rising up like a wall about eight miles across the plain, to the north-east, is Slieve-na-mon."

When the third mile had been passed the ground began to rise, almost imperceptibly. The road wound at a gentle gradient at the base of the nearest hilly range. And now the far-

reaching prospect, west, north, and east, was shut off by thickly-timbered ground on the left, while on the right stretched upward the steep hill clad in a lofty pine wood.

Houses and cottages became exceedingly rare, save here and there a woodranger's or a game-keeper's lodge. After five miles, the road took a sharp bend to the right. It had turned the flank of the nearer range of hills, and now, still ascending, struck inward towards the base of those five mountain cones.

All was still hill and wood on the right; in the left foreground and middle distance all still was rolling wood. The descent being now steep on this side, and a glen cleaving the hills almost to the level of the plain, the sides of this glen and the uplands stretching away to the left and rear were rounded into huge bosses by the fresh green foliage of the wood. The mountain stream could be heard below rushing along its invisible bed, and, turning to the left and looking back, the huge blue mass of Slieve-na-mon stood up against the mouth of the glen, and, in the bright, moist air, looked more like a hill of misty sapphire, near at hand, than the heat-clad monster of the distant plain.

For some miles more the road continued to wind upwards on the shoulder of this hill above the glen, until at last a wide, open space of ground was reached, where this road met another coming from the right, and where, as though menacing the front of the travellers, a huge, dark, perpendicular cliff rose up and seemed to stop the way.

The road did not really end here, but, bending sharply to the left, went on.

The carman stopped the horse, and, turning to Mr. Fail, said:

"Will you walk, sir, or am I to drive round?"

The old man looked at his companion, and said:

"I always go on foot. Do you object to walking half a mile? It will save us more than three miles' driving, and the view from the top here," pointing to the cliff, "is very fine. In these hills it is sometimes, in a small way, as it is in Mexico in a large way, only the conditions are reversed. In Mexico, a bridge of a few hundred feet over a canon thousands of feet deep would enable one to reach the opposite side, whereas, to walk or ride to the opposite side is a distance of twenty or thirty miles. Here, crossing the bank of a hill on foot would save one going round the end of that hill—a distance, in this case, of miles."

"I should certainly prefer walking," said Manton, "if you do not think it too much for yourself."

"Oh, no," said the old man. "I have been to Glenary House often, and I have nearly always walked from this place. Let us get down."

The two men alighted, and the carman having been told to wait, Mr. Fail led the way. A narrow, zigzag path, which allowed only of Indian file, along to the side of the hill. It went in and out through dense under-wood, and it was impossible to see from any point of it to the road, owing to the bushes being close together and taller than the height of man. Four or five laps of this path had been ascended, when, upon approaching the northern end of one of them, and when more than half way to the top had been accomplished, the extremity of the path was seen to be unobstructed by shrubs, and the eye, as though looking through the barrel of a long telescope, saw nothing from the end of that lap until it encountered the rolling billows of woodland foliage far beyond.

"Have we already arrived at the top?" asked Manton.

"No, we are little more than halfway up. It would be sudden death for anyone, not knowing this way, to come here in the dark. One step beyond the rim you see, and you would shoot down a perpendicular hundred and sixty feet through air, and then might sink two hundred feet through water. Be very careful. Look over. These are the Slate Quarries."

Manton stood on the brink of the precipice

and looked. The sight made him feel giddy and sick. A perfect square, formed of four sheer walls, cut out of the living rock, pierced the side of the hill downwards, and below lay a sheet of stagnant, yellow-green water.

Although from the height at which Manton stood the surface of the water below seemed no larger than the ground floor of a house of modest dimensions, it measured, in reality, no less than an acre. On the side nearest the road by which they had come, there was what seemed to be the ruin of a roadway slanting towards the water. But even the inner lip of this road immediately overhanging the chasm was sixty feet above the level of the water; and for all that sixty feet downwards, and for all the two hundred feet from the summit of the cliff to the surface of the water, and for all the hundred and sixty feet from where Manton stood, and for all the hundred and sixty feet opposite where Manton stood, to the visible bottom of that deadly-looking hole, there was no projection, no ledge, no inequality, no crevices, no bough or branch or growth of any kind, which could afford a moment's resting-place to the foot or hand of man.

"It would be an awful thing," said Manton, "to fall in there, even if a man could swim."

"It would be all the more cruel death," said the old man, "the stronger a man could swim, for the swimming would only draw out his agony. He might swim round and about there for a couple of hours before a rope long enough could be got, even supposing someone had seen him fall in and had run for help. For my part, if I fell in and you had a gun, I should cry out to you to have mercy upon me and shoot me."

"Has ever anyone been drowned in this horrible place?" asked Manton.

"Yes, two," answered the old man. "A little child fell in from the end of the old road down there. The body was not got for a fortnight. And from the very spot you are standing upon, a man shot into that hideous hole. His body was got in ten days."

"The child fell in by accident?" said Manton, drawing back a step.

"Yes," answered Mr. Fail.

"And how came the man to fall in?"

"By murder!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### TWELVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

WHEN Mr. Fail and George Manton reached the top of the cliff overhanging the deserted Slate Quarries, the view from it was remarkable. This cliff formed the topmost point of that end in the lower range of hills, and from it all the soft, rolling points of wood-clad mounds below were visible. Standing with their faces to the Quarries, all from left to right, in the middle distance, was one vast sheet of troubled billows of early forest verdure. The foliage of the trees seemed a rich, thick, velvet, dropped carelessly on an undulating floor, with here and there bright ridges of silvery green standing against the sun, and here and there blue, purple and brown folds formed by glen and dell, and beyond all the mighty blue top of Slieve-na-mon.

On turning round the prospect directly changed, and yet was no less remarkable. The declivity at the southern side was much more gentle than the one by which they had ascended. And here, almost from their feet, grassy slopes began to descend in varied concaves of emerald light and violet shadows. Here and there were clumps of forest trees, by sixes and sevens, standing up like huge pillars of rock out of placid green lakes. And to right and left, until the view was shut out by converging slopes, all these concaves led downward to a broad, white-stoned stream bed, over which the green and blue waters, and the white and tawny foam and froth, beat onward with thick pulses through the valley below; while almost sheer above this stream, and in one unbroken, flat,

severe ascent, rose a hill a thousand feet high, clad from base to summit in one clear and un-sullied sheet of heath. Nothing could be more striking than the one side of this valley, composed of glittering emerald slopes, with here and there titanic pillars of forest trees casting rich purple shadows on the grass, which in its vernal newness stretched from the spectator's feet to the brawling waters below, and then rising up from this the straight wall of heath, by contrast looking black, against the sky, and above and over all the remote five faint blue peaks of the distant hills.

The old man raised his arm and pointed to the right.

"That is Glenary House," he said, "where O'Grady lives."

Manton followed with his eye the direction of the old man's finger, and saw a plain, large, white house standing on one of the slopes, and about half way between the summit and the water.

"It is a lonely place to live," said Manton.

"Quiet, if you like," said the old man.

"There is not another house within two miles. Let us go on."

Without more words the two men began descending the hill over the short grass. They reached the terrace on which the house stood. The wide door was open, and a porter sat half asleep in his great night chair; for one of the peculiarities of the O'Grady household was, that though there was not once in the twelve-month an accidental arrival by night, O'Grady said:

"You could never be sure but some one might come, and it would be an unmannerly thing to keep anyone knocking while a servant dressed and came downstairs."

They found the owner of Glenary House at home.

"I am a grass widower, Fail," he said. "I was just about to walk over to Tobrochny. I want to see Coffey and find out if he is going to cut any of the wood this year."

Tobrochny was a small hamlet, consisting of a few houses, which formed the centre of Fitzgerald's little estate. Coffey was Fitzgerald's bailiff.

"And I have come over to you, O'Grady," said Fail, "to talk to you about Tobrochny."

"Ah!" said O'Grady, who was a large, round-faced, red-faced, stout, comely, hearty, county gentleman of the old school, and about fifty years of age. "And what have you to say about the place?"

"Well, Fitzgerald arrived in Clonmore yesterday. You know I have an interest in him."

O'Grady smiled pleasantly, and said, with a ring of sincere congratulation in his voice:

"I am glad to say I do. I have seen very little of the lad, but I have heard he is a most excellent fellow; and all the world knows, Fail, that your child is the most beautiful and amiable in the whole county."

The old man bowed and smiled, and, in recognition of the compliment paid him, was silent awhile. Then he said:

"There is a rumour in town that you want to put some more money into land. Is it true?"

"And what if it is?" asked O'Grady, expansively, as though, knowing himself to be a gentleman of property, birth and money, things which do not often go together, he had good intentions towards the whole world, and wished the whole world to be, at least, as rich as he.

"Well," said Mr. Fail, "the fact is if you care to buy he cares to sell."

O'Grady started with pleasure.

"By Jove!" he said, "his place would suit me excellently. Taking everything into account, I suppose he would not ask a long price."

"No," said Mr. Fail. "We all know that things are not very good here now for landlords. The place used to be, I know, worth about a thousand a year."

"Well," said O'Grady, heartily, "we all know what a thousand a year once for property means now. Are you in a position to sell?"

"No," said Mr. Fail. "I merely came out here to ask you if you would care to buy."

"Well, in this case I am a principal, and am



in a position to offer. Under ordinary circumstances I should not think a thousand a year, of five years ago, worth more now than eleven thousand pounds down. But, by Jove! if this property is in the market, I would not like to let it slip through my fingers. Who is Fitzgerald's attorney?"

"Flynn of Clonmore."

"A cautious, shrewd man. Now I'll tell you what I'll do—Flynn shall be his lawyer and mine in the matter, and I'll give Fitzgerald twelve thousand five hundred pounds for the property the day he puts the deeds into my hand. And that is fifteen hundred pounds above the market value. But I would not wish the property to go into other hands, I confess."

"I shall tell Fitzgerald what you say, O'Grady, and I have no doubt he will accept your offer."

"Now," said O'Grady, "having disposed of business, I shall be happy to show your friend over the place between this and luncheon."

Mr. Fail had, in the earlier portion of the interview, introduced Manton to O'Grady and explained that the young Englishman had come over to Ireland for his holidays and to recruit his health, whereupon O'Grady had insisted that Manton should spend a few days, at all events, at Glenary House. This the latter promised to do on the condition that Fitzgerald consented. The time at which he should come was left for future arrangement, and the length of his stay was also to be decided later on.

Their host took the two men over all the gardens, conservatories and hot-houses, and then, from terrace after terrace of velvety lawn, down to the banks of the stream. Here the bed of the stream had been deepened, and for a hundred yards above and a hundred yards below the house the fierce trouble had been stolen out of the progress of the stream, and a placid trout pool formed, where, as the three men looked, the fish plashed into air and fell back again as fast as the heart beats.

"We can give you a little fishing here," he said. "Just enough to break up a day if you cared for it. Some of the roads around us are considered very beautiful, and there are always cattle to spare in the stable. We'd do the best we could for you, Mr. Manton. My wife and family will not be back, I am afraid, during your stay, but I shall be here the whole time."

"By the way, O'Grady," said Mr. Fail, "what is the nearest telegraph office?"

"Tobrochny is the nearest telegraph office. It is two miles off. The nearest railway station is Clonmore, as you know."

"Then," said Mr. Fail, "I think I'll step over to the telegraph office at Tobrochny and send a message to Fitzgerald."

"Nonsense," said O'Grady, "you shall do nothing of the kind. When we get back to the house you shall write out the message, and I will send a mounted man with it to the village."

"Very well, be it so," said Fail, "if you will be good enough."

O'Grady turned to Manton:

"In the proper time we could give you some shooting in the neighbourhood, and if you were not unwilling to ride seven or eight miles before beginning the day's work we could give you some hunting also. But now we can offer you little beyond the fishing and the scenery; the races within reach of us are not worth attending."

"I am sure," said Manton, "to spend a few days in this strangely beautiful place—for I have never seen anything like it before—would be a greater and more useful privilege to me than any excitement whatever."

"Well," said O'Grady, "if there's anything wrong with your digestion or appetite, this place would put it right very soon. A swim in the morning, an hour's canter before breakfast, and when you get back you don't care what they give you to eat so long as there is plenty and they do not keep you waiting."

The three men then returned to the house. Manton wrote out the telegram at Mr. Fail's dictation. It ran as follows:

"Fail, Glenary House: Fitzgerald, South Tipperary Hotel, Clonmore.—O'Grady offers twelve thousand five hundred for Tobrochny. If you accept, tell Flynn to prepare documents."

O'Grady gave the note to a groom and bade him ride quickly to the telegraph office with it. The horse the man rode was fresh and willing. In less than a quarter of an hour from the time the groom left Glenary House, the message was in the hands of the telegraph clerk at Tobrochny.

Five minutes after that, Edward Pryce, the solitary telegraph clerk at Clonmore, finished the taking down of that telegram, folded up the form, put it in an envelope, addressed it, and gave it to the solitary messenger.

Quarter of an hour after that, the messenger ran up the steps of the hotel and handed the message to the girl in the bar. As he did so Fitzgerald entered the hall.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," called out the girl. "A telegram just come for you."

He went over, and, taking the yellow envelope from her, broke it and read the message.

"Any answer?" asked the boy.

"No; no answer, thank you," said Fitzgerald.

He thrust the message into the inside pocket in which he carried twelve hundred and fifty pounds in notes, and thus, with twelve hundred and fifty pounds in cash, and a promise of twelve thousand five hundred pounds for his property, he left the hotel with a joyous heart to tell the good news, and spend a few delicious hours in the society of "Sweet Inisfail."

## CHAPTER XV.

### A COMPACT.

It was arranged that Fitzgerald and Manton were to dine that afternoon at the West Gate. After the transaction of his business, Fitzgerald gave up the remainder of the day to his sweetheart and her father. He and Agnes ascended the top tower-room, and there, in the silence and mellow light, he told her all his news.

First, he unfolded and laid before her her father's telegram, saying that by it he was to be two or three thousand pounds a richer man than he had anticipated. He told her that this would enable him, not only to secure her future and his own, but would afford him the means of doing what he had all along wished, but had never seen his way to until now—namely, take his bride, his sweet, his darling Agnes, on a long foreign tour. He told her she should see Paris and Rome, and Naples and Florence, and Venice and the Alps, and the Alpine Lakes and the Rhine; and that in each large city she visited she should have fifty pounds of British money to buy for herself or their future home what she chose.

Against this she protested, saying he was doing too much for her, thinking too much of her.

He replied passionately that he cared to do nothing which was not for her, to think of nothing which had not relation to her pleasure and happiness. And then she protested no more, but only pressed the hand that held hers, in token that her love for him subdued all her nature to obedience, and that he might do all things for her he wished if the doing of these things would contribute to his happiness, for his happiness was her only care.

Then he took out the bundle of notes and spread them before her, telling her the amount, saying he had never had so much money before.

She asked him why he wanted so large a sum, and was it not dangerous to carry it upon him?

He told her that he liked to feel it, because then he knew he had it; and that, as to danger, no one beyond four or five people could even suspect what was in his pocket. As to what he wanted of it, he said he was not at liberty to explain. It was a secret—not his own secret—and for a purpose which she would approve when he told her, later on, as he certainly should.

She told him she was quite sure he wanted

the money for a good purpose, and that, on her part, she never would desire to know what the money was for; but that she was certain to hear the history of it would be to learn some new goodness of him.

They talked over their plans for the future: how, when they settled down, they should live in Clonmore most of the year, going here or there for a holiday. He explained to her that his income, before falling in for his granduncle's property, was only a couple of hundred a year, and that, owing to the fact that the leases upon which he held it would fall in soon, it was not worth more than about twice that sum there on the table, twelve hundred and fifty pounds. It would run twenty or thirty years yet, he thought, and his intention was, during that time, to put by every year a little money, so that by investing from time to time, and adding the interest of these invested sums to their yearly savings, they might, when the leases fell out, find themselves in little worse position than they had been all along.

He assured her that only for the esteem in which he held her sense, as well as her beauty and good heart, he would not have troubled her with those details; but that her nature was so complete and perfect, so receptive and sympathetic, that he knew it must be a positive pleasure for her to receive all the confidence he could give, as it was a positive pleasure for him to impart it.

They chatted on about various subjects connected with their future. They did not notice how the hours were slipping by, until Agnes, lifting her head and looking east, saw by the public clock in the Main Guard that it was a quarter to four o'clock. She rose hastily, saying she must run down and see what the cook was doing, as she expected her father and Mr. Manton back immediately.

Fitzgerald was left alone. He took a newspaper, and began to read.

The Fails dined at an odd hour, according to present notions—four o'clock. The better-class people of the town of Clonmore breakfasted at nine, had a very light luncheon at one, dinner at four, and tea at seven. Supper was unknown, except among the poorer people, who called the last meal of the day, no matter when they ate it, by that name. The poorer people breakfasted between eight and half-past eight, dined between two and three, and had supper between six and seven. The few of the best class of people who lived in the town and in the country surrounding it, dined at the ordinary seven or eight o'clock.

Dinner was that day to be at the usual hour, four o'clock, in the West Gate.

Fitzgerald had not been long occupied with his paper when the door of the room opened, and Mr. Fail and Manton entered. They both seemed in very good humour, and Mr. Fail, who suggested that after their drive they should have a quarter of a glass of his wonderful whisky before dinner, gathered up hastily the papers and books lying on the table, and threw them into an easy chair.

During this Fitzgerald had been looking out of one of the windows. When he turned round, he cried:

"Halloa! what have you done with my money? I left a bundle of notes on that table."

Mr. Fail went to the easy chair, and, having searched a moment, said:

"Here it is! Why, it's a bundle of fifties!"

"Ay! and there are hundreds among them, too," said Fitzgerald, taking the bundle.

"What a careless man you are about your money, to leave it in that way!" said the old man, half seriously, half jocosely.

"I did not expect a rapparee, like you, to break into a quiet, out-of-the-way place like this."

"Ah!" cried the old man, shaking his head, with the mixed expression still on his face. "A wise man is ever prepared for all things and all situations."

The servant brought in a tray. The three men took the schnapps, and in a few minutes were summoned and descended to dinner.

At table the business of the morning, as far as Mr. Fail's expedition was concerned, was dis-

cussed by Fitzgerald and the old man from every possible point, and Manton, who was the best man at figures present, was appealed to over and over again for his judgment in this matter and in that, where the judgment of common sense without special knowledge would serve, and where operations on figures were to be performed. A great deal of the talk was playful, and Fitzgerald kept Agnes in an amused flutter all through the meal by declaring that he was not in a position to make up his mind, even in small business matters, without consulting a harsh and rigorous ruler, who did not wish to come before the scenes and was a bitter and relentless tyrant.

When the two young men left that night, they walked arm-in-arm back to the hotel. It was late for Clonmore, between eleven and twelve o'clock. On reaching the hotel, they found that all the guests were in and had gone to bed, except themselves and some commercial travellers who were playing cards in the commercial room.

Fitzgerald asked the waiter was the gas alight in the coffee-room? The man said it was dimmed down. Fitzgerald told him to turn it up, and then said to Manton that he wanted to speak to him for a few minutes there.

The two friends entered the room, and Fitzgerald shut the door.

"Mr. Fall said you wrote out that telegram to-day, and by it, and the talk we had together afterwards, you know I am going to be a much richer man than I had anticipated. While you were helping me to-day at Glenary House, I had a small transaction with the bank. And now, Manton, I want you to give me the greatest possible proof of your friendship, the greatest possible proof of good feeling which one man can show another!"

"And what is that, may I ask?" said Manton, looking at his friend apprehensively, for he suspected what was coming.

"You have a wife and child, and a comfortable home for them, thank God! I want you, Manton, to do me the greatest service you can. I want you to let me, while I am happy and prosperous, as I am now, always have the vision of that wife and child and home as I have known it for a long time. You will not, now that my prospects are so bright, allow me to be sad about anything, if you can help it—will you, old fellow?"

Manton's lip quivered.

They had been sitting at the table. He got up and walked about the room. When he spoke, his voice was shaken and uncertain.

"You are putting it in a very strange, strong way, Fitzgerald," he said, with great tenderness in his tones.

"I am putting it as one man may fairly put it to another—as one friend may fairly put it to another. If you are not willing to do me this service, why should I remain convinced that you are my friend?"

"Because you know I am your friend," said Manton, warmly. "Because you know that if I were not a married man, with my responsibilities, I would give my life to save yours."

Fitzgerald thrust his hand rapidly into his pocket, drew out the bundle of notes, removed the first three and thrust these back again, and, holding out what remained to his friend, said:

"I take you at your word, George. I ask of you less than your life, but I ask perhaps the next thing to it. For the sake of the woman that loves you, for the sake of her boy and yours, which people are the nearest in the world to you, and for my sake, who am your dearest friend, give up, not your life, but your pride! Put those in your pocket. I will say no more."

Manton did not pause in his walk for a few seconds.

Fitzgerald had risen during his speech, and was standing on the hearthrug with his arm still stretched out. After a moment he spoke again.

"I am going to bed, George. Shall we shake hands and part as friends? or shall we shake hands and part for ever?"

He held the notes out in his left hand, and,

moving from where he stood, crossed the path of the other.

Manton drew up in front of Fitzgerald, dropped his brows over his eyes, shook all over, and cried, in a husky voice:

"D— me, Fitzgerald, you have taken an unfair advantage of my friendship!"

"Sir," said Fitzgerald, in a clear, low tone, "you can think so if you like so long as you do what I ask you. Will you or will you not take the money?"

The right hand of Manton rose slowly and tremulously, and advanced towards the left hand of Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald never moved his hand until the hand of the other was on a level with his; then he merely opened it.

Manton took the notes and dropped his hand quickly to his side.

"And now," said Fitzgerald, in the same clear, low voice as before, "you have said to me what you should not have said. If you think I have done anything unworthy, you may call me out and I'll give you a chance of shooting me. But if you have any grain of sense left, and if your foolish pride—no, I will not call it pride—your foolish vanity, will in this case allow you to behave like a man, you will pay me back when you are able, as you are able, and say no more about it until then. Which is it to be? Satisfaction or friendship?"

"Good God, Fitzgerald! what are you saying? Are you mad? Give me your hand!"

"I am not mad, but I am angry. Good night, Manton. You agree to forget the debt until you are able to pay me back; I, to forget the insult for ever."

With these words, Fitzgerald strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

## A KISS AND A SMILE.

SEND the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—

Sweet childhood will tarry at best but awhile; And soon they will pass from the portals of home,

The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed, with a gentle "Good night!"

The mantle of shadows is veiling the light; And maybe—God knows!—on this sweet little face

May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"

It may be the last you will say it for aye!

The night may be long ere you see them again, And motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head, And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed; A guard of bright angels around them invite— Their spirits may slip from their moorings to-night!

A TRIFLE MIXED.—A fashionable young lady visited a cooking school the other afternoon, where her attention was equally divided between a new dress worn by an acquaintance and the directions for making a cake. Upon returning home she undertook to write down the recipe for making the cake for her mother, and the old lady was paralyzed when she read: "Take two pounds of flour, three rows of pleating down the front, the whites of two eggs cut bias, a pint of milk ruffled around the neck, half a pound of currants with seven yards of bead trimming, grated lemon-peel with Spanish lace fachu; stir well, and add a semi-fitting paletot with visite sleeves; butter the pan with Brazilian topaz necklace, and garnish with icing and jetted passementerie; bake in a moderately hot oven until the over-skirt is tucked from the waist down on either side, and finish with large satin bows." Her mother said she wouldn't eat such a cake, and she thought these new-fangled ideas in cooking ought to be frowned down.

## MY FRIEND THE CAPTAIN.

By KEPPEL BRIERLY.

(COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.)

My father was a diamond merchant. I assisted him in his business. It often happened that he had to send diamonds to a very large amount to different parts of the country, and occasionally to the Continent. He never trusted his precious wares out of his care, but invariably took them to his destination himself. I accompanied him on many of these business journeys.

It was not till I was twenty-four years of age, had been assisting my father for a considerable time, and had given him every reason to believe that I was a cautious, careful, sensible young fellow, and a good man of business, that he began to travel less himself and entrust his wares to my care when they needed transferring from one place to another.

For some time he did not trust me with diamonds to any very large amount. But as he gained confidence in my care and discretion, he came to entrust the greater part of his business to my care, and I made a good many journeys with diamonds worth five or six thousand pounds in my travelling bag.

On one occasion it happened that my father wished to send diamonds to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds to Edinburgh.

At first he determined that, to guard more securely against any possible risk of loss or robbery, we should make the journey together. I was a little piqued at the suggestion, and urged that the diamonds would be perfectly safe in my keeping.

For some time my father hesitated to entrust them to my sole care, but, yielding at last to my assurances that I would be more than usually circumspect, he consented to my starting on my journey alone.

The jewels were securely packed in a steel, leather-covered box, some six inches square. The box was wrapped in brown paper and tied round with string—an unpretending little package that nobody would have suspected to be worth a small fortune. The box was put into my travelling bag—an article of more than extra solidity and strength, be sure; and I left home with a certain sense of importance at the magnitude of my trust, but, accustomed as I was to responsibilities, without any misgivings.

I stepped into the 8 a.m. express for Edinburgh with a light heart, and, having carefully stowed my bag upon the rack above my head, I put on my travelling cap, lit a cigar, bought a store of newspapers from the boy who came to the door, and settled myself down for a comfortable journey.

So far I was the only occupant of the carriage, but just as the train was about to move off, the door opened and another passenger entered.

The new comer selected the corner seat opposite mine, and proceeded to make himself comfortable much as I had done.

It was not long before I had made up my mind that I had fallen across a pleasant travelling companion. He was a man in the prime of life, with a smart, soldierly air about him. Indeed, I came to the conclusion that he either was or had been a soldier. He was well dressed, and wore his clothes with that indescribable air of precision and fitness which few men but soldiers ever attain.

Though by no means handsome, his face might fairly be called a pleasant one. His eyes, perhaps, by a very critical observer, might have been said to be too close together, and the quick shiftiness of his glance somewhat detracted from the favourable impression made on one by his face as a whole. But this defect was compensated for, in a curious way, by his partial baldness, which gave to the man a look of something like benevolence.

It was not long before we got into conversa-



tion. A few casual remarks about the weather set our tongues going; but we soon passed to other topics of more interest, and I quickly discovered that my new friend was a delightful talker and, what was more, a capital listener. He was very communicative, and told me a good deal about himself. He was a military man, as I imagined—Captain Graham, late of the 101st Regiment. Did I know any of the men in it? No? Ah! he thought I might have done. Not know Lord Charles Plunger? No? Oh! I ought to know Charlie. He and I would hit it off wonderfully, the captain was sure. Charley was just my sort—one of the most charming young fellows it was possible to meet.

I was secretly flattered to hear that this prepossessing young noble was "just my sort," and my opinion of the captain rose considerably. But I merely said carelessly I might come across Lord Charles Plunger one of these days, and should be very glad to know him.

At this point of the conversation Captain Graham's cigar came to an end. He was about to light another, when I offered him one from my case. He took it, lighted it, and then leaned back and puffed it for a few moments in silent enjoyment.

"By Jove!" he said at last, removing it from his lips; "superb weed this! I never smoked a better. I must congratulate you upon your taste in tobacco, Mr.—" and he paused.

"Meyer," I said, handing him a card.

"Ah! Meyer," he went on. "Well, Mr. Meyer, as I was saying, I congratulate you on your taste. I thought I knew a thing or two, but I can't buy cigars like these. Import 'em yourself, I suppose?"

Now, it so happened that if there was one thing I did pride myself on more than another, it was my taste in cigars. Yes, the captain was a capital fellow, there was no doubt of it.

"Yes," I replied, in an off-hand tone, "that's a good bit of tobacco. None better, I think. I don't import 'em, though. I get 'em from Robinson, in Bond Street."

"Then, directly I get back to town I shall pay Robinson a visit. The sly old dog doesn't let everybody have a chance at these, I'll be bound. But if you'll allow me to mention your name, perhaps—"

"Certainly," I replied; "with great pleasure. He'll let you have some, I'm sure."

"Thanks!" said the captain. "I owe you a debt of gratitude."

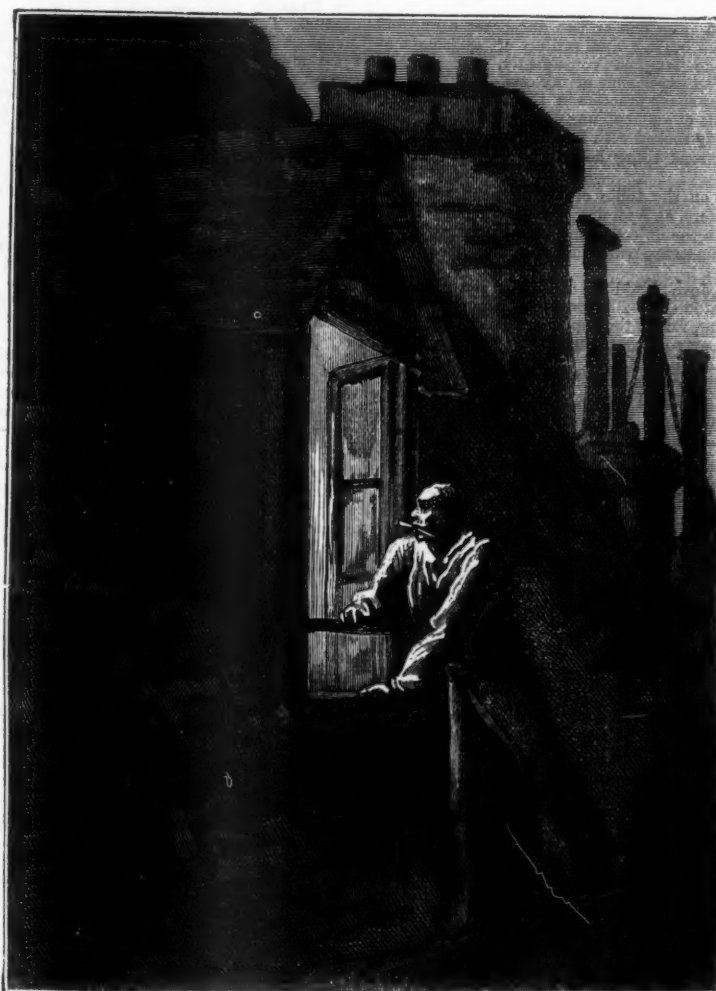
From cigars we passed to all sorts of topics—politics, wine, women, business, and half a dozen other things. On all these topics the captain talked well and amusingly, and I was charmed with his conversation. He seemed no less charmed with me, and said more than once what a pleasure it was to fall in with a shrewd, observant man of the world like myself.

In short, we got on, as the popular phrase has it, like a house on fire. By the time the train had whirled us into Edinburgh we were as intimate as if we had been close friends for years instead of having met less than twelve hours before for the first time in our lives.

We had already arranged to stay at the same hotel, the captain having dissuaded me from putting up at the one upon which I had decided.

"Devilish uncomfortable place!" he said. "Know it well. Bad food, bad cooking, bad wine, and damp sheets. Now, I think I know the best hotel in the town. Not in the best quarter and not pretentious, but snug and comfortable, and everything thoroughly good."

I gladly assented to this change in my plans. We got into a cab, and were driven rapidly through the town. The neighbourhood in which the hotel was situated was certainly not a fashionable one—that was clear; but the hotel itself looked respectable enough and seemed to promise comfortable accommodation. The captain was evidently known there, for the landlord welcomed him by name, and promised that a good dinner should soon be ready for us. At the captain's suggestion, we agreed to share a private sitting-room, and the dinner was to be laid there.



[THE GLEAMING KNIFE WAS HELD TIGHTLY BETWEEN HIS TEETH.]

While it was being prepared we went upstairs to select our rooms. The captain was a little difficult to please, I thought. He wanted to have Nos. 11 and 12, which were next to each other; but, unfortunately, Nos. 11 and 12 were already occupied. Well, what rooms could we have, then? Nos. 22 and 23, on the second floor? No, the chambermaid was very sorry, but No. 22 was engaged. No. 23 was the only room on that floor, and there were some very comfortable rooms above.

I said I thought this arrangement would do very well, but the captain was still hard to please. He inspected No. 23 with the critical eye of an old traveller, who is not to be put off with second-rate accommodation. He even opened the window, looked out of it, and made some disparaging remarks about the "aspect." We then went upstairs to No. 33, and looked at that with equal care, and at last decided that we would take Nos. 23 and 33.

The room on the second floor was decidedly better than the one above, and the captain and I had a good-natured squabble as to who should occupy the other room—the room in the roof. At last I settled matters by declaring that I would sleep there and nowhere else, and the captain consented to take possession of the better room.

Shortly afterwards, dinner was announced. Our sitting-room, with its red curtains, its brightly burning fire, and gleaming white tablecloth, looked the picture of comfort. The dinner was excellent, and the wine all that

could be desired. The captain and I sat down in the best of spirits, and our little dinner proved most enjoyable. I felt more glad even than before that I had come across so pleasant a companion.

Under the influence of the wine and the warmth and the general coziness of our surroundings, he expanded wonderfully, and told me the story of his life—a life that had been full of excitement and adventure. The recital of the varied episodes of his career, as he sketched them with rare humour and pathos, were as exciting as a brilliantly-written novel.

When dinner was finished and we were sitting over our wine, he became even more confidential, and confided to me various incidents connected with himself which he said "he wouldn't confide to any other man living, by Jove!"

I could not help feeling complimented at being thus selected as his confidant, and was more complimented still when he told me, with a pleasant laugh, that after all his motive in confiding in me was a selfish one. He wanted my advice. I gave him my opinion on the matters on which he was in doubt, and he declared I had spoken like a Solomon.

From his affairs we got to mine, and, under the influence of the wine, of which we did not drink too sparingly, I confided in him as fully as he had confided in me. I had nothing of very great importance to tell, certainly, but the captain listened to everything I said, and occasionally interjected into my remarks a "Ha!" or

an appreciative "Good!" or "Devilish good!" as the case might be.

I told him one or two anecdotes connected with the buying and selling of diamonds, at which he laughed consumedly, and when I related an experience of my own—a little piece of rather sharp practice in the diamond selling way—his enjoyment was delightful to see. He positively rocked with laughter, and said it was the smartest thing he had ever heard in his life.

Once on the topic of the diamond trade, we kept there, and it was not long before I had told him the object of my present journey, and of the immense trust that was committed to my care.

"By Jove!" said the captain, "you must be a cool customer!"—I presume he meant generally speaking, for at that moment I could scarcely have been very cool, considering the quantity of wine I had disposed of. "You speak of fifteen thousand pounds as if they were fifteen thousand farthings. But I suppose you've got used to the risk you run? How on earth do you manage about the diamonds? How do you keep them safely when your travelling, and—and when you're asleep?"

"Not the slightest difficulty," I replied, speaking with just the least suspicion of thickiness in my voice. "Not the least difficulty in the world. They are packed in a little steel box. I keep that in my bag, which I never lose sight of, you may be sure, while I am travelling. At night I put the box under my pillow."

"Very good place, too," said the captain; "not much chance of having it stolen from there, eh?"

"No," said I, with a knowing chuckle, "there's not very much danger, I think."

Shortly afterwards we made a move towards bed. My legs did not feel very steady as we went upstairs, but my head, at any rate, was all right.

I was about to bid the captain "Good night" on the second floor, but he persisted in seeing me up to my room. On entering it the first thing I did was to try the lock. To my annoyance, it would not work.

The captain at once offered to change rooms, but I said no, it didn't matter much about the lock. I would pile some furniture against the door.

"Not that there's any fear," said the captain; "you'd be just as safe with the door wide open as locked. Nobody knows anything about your valuables."

But I said I would not run any unnecessary risk. I had better barricade the door.

"Well, well," replied the captain, thoughtfully, "perhaps you had," and so saying he wished me a hearty "good night," and went downstairs to his own room.

The first thing I did when left to myself was to move the chest of drawers from its place and push it against the door. This done, I felt secure. Nobody could possibly enter without waking me.

I then went to the window, which was hung like a door, and opened inwards. I leaned upon the iron bar fixed across the opening, and looked out.

There was no danger of intrusion from that quarter evidently. My room was at least fifty feet above the street, and the most daring of thieves would scarcely venture to attempt to reach it by means of the iron water-pipe which extended from roof to basement.

These precautions taken, I went to my bag, took out the little box with its precious contents, and put it carefully under my pillow.

I had made up my mind for a good night's rest, but, though the bed was comfortable enough, it was in vain that I tried to sleep. I was awake, broad awake, and every effort to compose myself to slumber only seemed to increase my wakefulness. The wine which I had drunk during the evening, instead of making me heavy and drowsy, seemed to have given all my faculties an extra sharpness.

At last I resigned myself to the inevitable. It was useless trying to force myself to sleep, that was clear; so I let my restless thoughts wander

where they would. Presently they turned upon the treasure that had been entrusted to my charge. The more I thought of it the more the responsibility of its possession began to weigh upon my mind. A hundred possibilities suggested themselves to me. Perhaps, by some extraordinary means, I had been robbed already! Once this wild idea had taken possession of me, I tried to rid myself of it in vain. At last I came to the conclusion that if sleep was to come to me at all before morning, I must satisfy myself that the contents of the steel box were untouched and secure.

Telling myself I was a fool for my pains, I jumped out of bed, got my keys, and opened the box. Yes, there were the diamonds, just as I had packed them. I shut the box with a snap, and was about to replace it beneath my pillow when a strange idea occurred. I cannot to this day imagine why it should have come to me, but come to me it did. I suddenly determined that I would not have the box under my pillow, but would keep it in my bag, and also (there was the strangeness) put something else in its place.

What should I find as a substitute? I was not long in deciding. The little case in which I kept my shaving tackle was the very thing. Carefully wrapping it in paper, and tying it with string, so that it was as much like the package of diamonds as one thing could be to another, I carefully placed what would be called the "dummy" under my pillow, and the box it was made up to imitate in my bag, which I carefully locked.

This ingenious arrangement completed, I got back into bed, and again tried to compose myself to sleep, but with no more success than before.

I had been lying in a state of painful wakefulness for about two hours, when I suddenly became conscious of a faint scraping noise.

At first I could not tell from whence it came. I fancied it must be somewhere in the room, and attributed it to the scuffling of a rat in the wainscot. But the scraping was continued, and gradually grew louder. It was now, evidently, with every nerve strained to the utmost, I listened with painful eagerness. What could the noise be? whence could it come? and what did it portend?

As I listened and listened, I became aware that the noise came from the direction of the window—from outside the window. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. Someone was climbing up the water-pipe, and, without doubt, with the intention of getting into my room. As the truth burst upon me, I lay for a moment undecided how to act, my heart beating violently.

Before I had time to decide upon a course of action, I saw a hand placed upon the window-sill. Then the window was stealthily pushed open, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared in the open space! The moonlight fell full upon him, and in an instant I recognized my friend the captain!

At first I thought that he must be a somnambulist, and had actually climbed up the water-pipe to my room in a state of unconsciousness. But this idea was dispelled by the gleaming knife which was held tightly between his teeth. Although I could see the man who I now knew to be a desperate robber, and, if needs be, a murderer, my bed was so placed that he could not see me till he had actually come into the room.

He stopped for a moment, supporting himself on the bar with his right hand, and seemed to be listening intently. Then, grasping the bar with both hands, he raised himself up, put one leg over the bar, then the other, and dropped quietly into the room.

Taking the dagger from between his teeth, and grasping it firmly in his right hand, he advanced noiselessly towards the bed.

As he drew near, I closed my eyes, and feigned to be locked in slumber.

Presently, I could feel his breath upon my cheek, as he bent over me. Then I felt that the pillow was being gently—very gently—raised, and then that the package was being lifted from beneath it.

There was then a pause, and the silence in the room seemed intensified. I knew instinctively that the robber was waiting to see if I had been disturbed, and was likely to wake, and that if I gave him the least reason to suppose that my slumber was not real, his terrible weapon would be buried in my heart.

But I lay motionless, and breathed the regular quiet, breathing of a peaceful sleep.

Then came the faint sound of his stockinged feet as he made his way cautiously to the window. There was a slight pause, and then I could hear him raising himself by the bar, and getting out of the window.

I opened my eyes in time to see his head and shoulders disappear, as he made his way down the water-pipe.

I breathed a prayer of thankfulness as I saw the last of him, and then set about considering what course I had better take.

Although he had failed in his object, I felt it was my duty to give so dangerous a man into the hands of justice.

I threw on a few clothes, tip-toed to the door, and moved the chest of drawers away from it, and, happily, did so with almost no noise. Hurrying downstairs, I aroused one of the servants, who, in turn, called the landlord from his bed.

When he heard my tale, told in a few breathless words, he was almost dumfounded with amazement. But he was soon convinced of the truth of the strange tale I told.

Without any delay, the three of us went to the captain's room. We knocked at the door repeatedly, and at last the captain opened it, asking with some indignation why he was disturbed.

I had kept a little in the background, but I now stepped forward, and said quietly:

"You are disturbed, Captain Graham, because I am about to give you in charge for stealing my dressing-case."

Taken aback as the captain was by our sudden appearance, and the knowledge that he was checkmated, the words "dressing-case" seemed to startle him even more than my announcement that he was to be given up to justice.

"Dressing-case!" he ejaculated, in a tone of the most intense disgust. "Sold! by Jove! I risked my neck for a dressing-case!"

Then, seeing the mistake he had made, he tried to assume a bold front; but he might have spared himself the trouble of acting the part of a wronged and insulted man.

The police were sent for; the little package for which he had risked so much was found in his bag, and he himself, not long afterwards, was to be found in gaol—where, as far as I know, he may be at the present moment, for I have since learned that the brilliant, dashing, and fascinating "Captain Graham" was a notorious criminal, long "wanted" by the police, but who had managed to keep out of their hands till the confiding young diamond merchant proved one too many for him.

## THE WITHERED BRANCH.

A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE  
WELSH COAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WALLADMOR."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

A MAGISTERIAL EXAMINATION.

PRETTY early in the morning one of the Walladmor servants, attended by a soldier, brought breakfast into his cell, and soon after desired him to follow them.

By a great circuit, and partly over the same ground as he had traversed the night before, they conducted him into a large library, at one end of which sat four magistrates for the county, before whom he was placed.

Sir Morgan Walladmor and Sir Charles Dave-



nant were also present; but they sat at a distance, and took no part in the examination—though they surveyed the prisoner from time to time with great apparent interest—and Sir Charles, who was writing, occasionally laid down his pen to attend to the prisoner's answers.

"What is your name?"

"Edward Bertram."

"Whence do you come?"

"From Germany."

"Where is your home?"

"So far as I can be said to have one, in Germany."

"And you were educated in Germany?"

"Yes."

"And yet speak English like a native?"

"I was brought up in an English family resident in North Germany."

"What was your object in coming to England?"

"Upon that point you must pardon me. I do not feel myself called upon, simply for the purpose of clearing myself from unfounded charges, to make disclosures of that nature."

"How do you know that the charges against you are unfounded? You have not yet heard them."

"Without pretending to any accurate knowledge of the English laws, I am sure that I cannot have transgressed the laws of any country during my short residence in Wales."

"Were you at the attack of the revenue officers near the chapel of Utragan?"

"I was, but simply as a spectator. I neither understood the object of that attack nor took any part in it."

"By what ship did you come to England?"

"By the steam-packet 'Halcyon.'"

"And you were on board the 'Halcyon' when she blew up?"

"I was knocked overboard the moment before, and in that manner escaped."

"And what became of you?"

"I was drifted by the waves towards the Isle of Anglesea. A few miles to the southward of Holyhead I was picked up by I know not whom. Afterwards I obtained a passage to the mainland."

"And took up your abode—where?"

"At the inn in Machyneth."

"Where was it that you were first apprehended?"

"At an abbey, I forget the name, amongst the Merionethshire mountains. No, upon recollection, among the Carnarvonshire mountains."

"What led you thither?"

"I was advised by an acquaintance to visit it."

"For what purpose?"

"Simply as an interesting relic of antiquity, and as a very picturesque building."

Here the magistrates looked at each other and smiled.

"What sort of night was that on which you visited this abbey?"

"A very severe and inclement one."

"And on such a night you were engaged in studying the picturesque?"

The prisoner was silent.

"You stated that you were apprehended at this abbey. Who were the persons that rescued you?"

"I do not know."

"Upon what motives did the persons act who rescued you?"

"So far as I know, upon motives of gratitude. One of them had received a service from myself."

"Do you know anything of Captain Edward Nicholas, or Captain Nicolao, as he is sometimes called?"

The prisoner replied, "No," but at the same time he coloured.

Feeling that his confusion would weigh much against himself, Bertram now endeavoured to disperse it by assuming the stern air of an injured person, and demanded to know upon what grounds he was detained in custody or subjected to these humiliating examinations.

One of the magistrates rose and addressed him with some solemnity:

"Captain Nicholas, we cannot doubt about the person we have before us. Judge for yourself when I read to you the information we have received, much of which has been now confirmed by yourself. Edward Nicholas, charged with various offences against the law, is on the point of leaving the Isle of Wight for France, he is apprehended, put on board the steam-packet, the 'Halcyon,' which blows up, and all on board perish but Nicholas, who by some chance escapes. He is seen by several in the company of a Dutchman called Van der Velsen. To assist that person and Captain le Harnois, alias Jackson, of the 'Fleurs-de-lys,' in a smuggling transaction, but for what purpose of self-interest is not known, he plays off a deception on the Lord Lieutenant, and conducts a mock funeral to the chapel of Utragan. A skirmish takes place on the road between the revenue officers and the mourners suborned by le Harnois and Nicholas. You have acknowledged that you were present at that skirmish; and we have witnesses who can prove that you were both present and armed with a cudgel of unusual dimensions—in fact," says the magistrate, by way of parenthesis, "of monstrous dimensions." Here the prisoner could not forbear smiling, which did him no service with the magistrate, who went on to aggravate the enormity of the cudgel. "A cudgel, in fact, such as no man carries, no man ever did carry, no man ever will carry, with peaceable intentions. Nicholas is known to have gone on from Utragan to Ap Gawnon. You admit that you were there and without any adequate motive. For, as to the picturesque and all that, on a night such as the last, it is really unworthy of you to allege anything so idle. Your footsteps, however, are tracked; you are again apprehended on the following morning; and again an attempt is made to rescue you, and a riot absolutely raised in your behalf. And, finally, when it became known last night that you were conveyed to Walladmor, a smuggling vessel was observed to stand close into the shore making signals for upwards of five hours, which, no doubt, were directed to you. The chain of circumstantial evidence is complete."

Bertram was silent. He could not but acknowledge to himself that the presumptions were strong against him. Omitting the accidental coincidences between his own movements and those of Nicholas, whence had he—a perfect stranger by his own account—drawn the zealous assistance which he had received? By what means could he have obtained such earnest and continued support?

He would have suggested to the magistrate that the same mistake about his person which had led to his apprehension was, in fact, the main cause (combined with the general dislike to Alderman Gravesand) of the second mistake under which the mob had acted in attempting his rescue. But dejection at the mass of presumptions arrayed against himself, even apart from his own unfortunate resemblance to the real object of those presumptions, self-reproach on account of his own indiscretion, and pain of mind at the prospect of the troubles which awaited him in a country where he was friendless, suddenly came over him, and the words died away upon his lips.

The magistrates watched him keenly, and, interpreting these indications of confusion and faltering courage in the way least favourable to the prisoner, they earnestly exhorted him to make a full confession, as the only chance now left him for meriting any favour with government.

This appeal had the effect of recalling the prisoner to his full self-possession, and he briefly protested his innocence with firmness and some indignation, adding that he was the victim of an unfortunate resemblance to the person who was the real object of search; but that, unless the magistrates could take upon them to affirm as of their own knowledge that this resemblance was much stronger than he had reason to believe it was, they were not entitled so confidently to prejudge his case and to take his guilt for established.

All present had seen Captain Nicholas, but not often, nor for the last two years. One of

the magistrates, however, who had seen him more frequently than the others, and had repeatedly conversed with him, declared himself entirely satisfied of the prisoner's identity with that person. It was not a case, he was persuaded, which could be shaken by any counter-evidence.

Upon this they all rose, assured the prisoner that he should have the attendance of a clergyman, conjured him not to disregard the spiritual assistance which would now be put in his way, and then, upon the same grounds as had originally dictated the selection of Bertram's prison—distrust of so weak a prison as that at Dolgelly against the stratagems and activity of Captain Nicholas within and the violence of his friends without—they finally recommitted him to the Falcon's Tower.

At the suggestion of Sir Morgan Walladmor, however, who had taken no part in the examination, but apparently took the liveliest interest in the whole of what passed, the prisoner was freed from his irons, as unnecessary in a prison of such impregnable strength, and unjust before the full establishment of his guilt.

This act of considerate attention to his personal ease, together with a few books sent by the worthy baronet, restored Bertram to some degree of spirits; and such were the luxurious accommodations granted him in all other respects, compared with any which he had recently had, that—but for the loss of his liberty and the prospect of the trouble which awaited him—Bertram would have found himself tolerably happy, though tenning that ancient and aerial mansion which was known to mariners and to all on shore for at least six counties round by the appellation of "the House of Death."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### PLOTS AND STRATAGEMS.

MISS WALLADMOR was exerting herself as earnestly for the secret liberation of the prisoner as due regard to concealment would allow.

Her first application was made to Sir Charles Davenant. Much would depend, as she was well aware, on the dispositions of that officer to Captain Nicholas; and in the present case circumstances well known to both forbade her relying with too much hope upon the natural generosity of his disposition. Something, however, must be risked, and she wrote a note to him requesting that he would meet her in the library.

Sir Charles probably anticipated the subject of Miss Walladmor's communication, for though he hastened to know her commands, the expression of his countenance showed none of that alacrity which might naturally have been looked for in a military man not much beyond thirty on receiving a summons to a private interview with the beautiful heiress of Walladmor.

On entering the room he bowed, but without his usual freedom of manner, and something like an air of chagrin was visible, as he begged to know upon what subject he had been fortunate enough to be honoured with Miss Walladmor's commands. He spoke with extreme gravity, and Miss Walladmor looked up to him in vain for any signs of encouragement. She trembled, but not, as it seemed, from any feminine embarrassments; grief and anxiety had quelled all lighter agitations, and she trembled only with the anguish of suspense.

"Sir Charles," she said, at length, "there was a time when you would not have refused me any request which it was in your power to grant."

"Nor would now, Miss Walladmor; my life should be at your service, if that would promote your happiness; anything but—my honour!"

"I am to understand, then, that you think your honour concerned in refusing what I was going to have asked you; for I perceive that you apprehend what it was."

"I will not affect, Miss Walladmor, to misapprehend what it is you wish; the prisoner is

committed to the soldiers under my command, and you wish me to favour his escape."

Miss Walladmor bowed her assent.

"But, my dear Miss Walladmor, this is quite impossible—believe me, it is. Even if my duty as a military man did not forbid me to engage in such an act, which in me would be held criminal in the highest degree, I fear that it would be wholly thrown away; for this person, the prisoner I mean, is perfectly mad! I beg your pardon, Miss Walladmor, I did not mean to distress you, but what I meant to say was—that if he were liberated, actuated by such views as appear to govern him at present, I fear that he would linger in this neighbourhood, when he would inevitably be recaptured, and I should have violated my duty as a soldier without at all forwarding your wishes."

Perceiving that Miss Walladmor looked perplexed and agitated, and incapable of speaking, Sir Charles went on:

"Much of his later conduct may not have reached your ears; many acts attributed to him—"

"Sir Charles," interrupted Miss Walladmor, bursting into tears, "you know well that those who have once lost their footing in the world's favour, and are become unfortunate, meet with but little tenderness or justice in the constructions or reports of anything they may do. Every hand, it seems to me, is raised against a falling man. But let the unhappy prisoner have done what he may, you have yourself suggested an apology for him; and you distress me far less when you advert to it than when you appear to forget it."

"I do not forget it, Miss Walladmor—believe me I do not—neither will it be forgotten in a court of justice. So much the less can it be necessary that in such a cause you should put anything to the hazard of a false interpretation amongst censorious people, who are less capable of appreciating your motives than myself."

"Oh, Sir Charles Davenant!" exclaimed Miss Walladmor, "do not allude to such considerations. Any other than myself they might become, but not me, who have been indebted to him of whom we are speaking three times for my own life!"

The last words were almost inarticulate; her voice failed her from strong emotion, and she wept audibly.

Sir Charles was moved and softened; the spectacle of a woman's tears—of a woman so young, beautiful, and evidently unhappy—her supplicating countenance and attitude, and the pleading tones of her soft voice ("an excellent thing in woman!") were more than his gallantry could support. To such a pleader he had not the heart to say she must plead in vain; he put his hand to his forehead, considered for a moment or two, and then, in a low, hesitating voice, and with evident doubt, pain and reluctance, said:

"My dear Miss Walladmor, I fear I am doing very wrong. What may be quite right for you may be wrong indeed in me; yet I cannot resist a request of yours urged so persuasively; and I will go to the utmost lengths I can in meeting your wishes; to go further might expose them to the risk of discovery. Use any influence you please with the soldier on guard; I will place only one at the prisoner's door, and will endeavour to select such a one as may be most readily induced to—forget his duty. The sentinel at the gate will not challenge any person leaving the castle; he is placed there only to prevent the intrusion of suspicious persons from without. In short, proceed as you will; and depend upon my looking away from what passes, which is the best kind of assistance I can give to your intentions in this case without running the risk of defeating them."

Miss Walladmor smiled through her tears, and thanked him fervently.

Sir Charles bowed and departed.

Sir Charles Davenant was a man of ancient family and of great expectations, but of very small patrimonial fortune. He had been a ward of Sir Morgan Walladmor's, between whom and the Davenants there was some distant relationship;

and it was to the Walladmor interest, supported by the Walladmor purse, that Sir Charles was originally indebted for his commission upon entering the army and his subsequent promotion.

Miss Walladmor found that it would be impossible to pursue her design without the co-operation of her own maid, and for that purpose it was necessary to admit this young person in some degree to her confidence.

To any woman of delicate and deep feelings this must naturally have been under ordinary circumstances a painful necessity; but the time was now past for scruples of that sort, and difficulties which would have appeared insuperable in a situation of free choice melted away before the extremities of the present case.

Moreover, apart from the pain of making such disclosures at all, there was no person to whom Miss Walladmor would more willingly have made them than to her own attendant; for Grace Evans was an amiable girl, and had been bred up in superstitious reverence for the whole house of Walladmor; and with regard to Miss Walladmor, in particular, who had been the benefactress of her own family in all its members, her attachment was so unlimited that she would have regarded nothing as wrong which her young mistress thought right, nor have suffered any obstacle whatsoever to deter her in the execution of that thing which she had once understood to be her mistress's pleasure.

In the present case, however, there was nothing that could press heavily on her sense of duty, nor any need to appeal to her affections against her natural sense of propriety. On the contrary, both were in perfect harmony.

She had long known, in common with all the country, the circumstances of Miss Walladmor's early meetings with Edward Nicholas, and the attachment which had grown out of them. And it is observable that to all women endowed with much depth and purity of feeling, more particularly to women in humble life who inherit a sort of superstition on that subject (and are, besides, less liable to have it shaken by the vulgar ridicule of the world, and the half-sneering tone with which all deep feelings are treated in the more refined classes of society), love, but especially unfortunate love, is regarded with a sanctity of interest and pity such as they give to religion or to the memory of the dead.

In this point women of the lowest rank (as a body) are much more worthy of respect and admiration than those above them, in proportion to the rarity of the temptations which beset them for diverting the natural course of their own affections, and to the less worldly tone of the society in which they move.

Hence it was that Miss Walladmor found in her humble attendant a sympathy more profound than she might possibly have met with in many of her own rank.

The tender-hearted girl had long been deeply affected in secret by the spectacle of early grief and unmerited calamity which had clouded the youthful prospects of her mistress; she was delighted with the honour of the confidence reposed in her; and she immediately set her little head to work, which (to do her justice) was a very woman's head for its fertility in plots and wiles, to consider of the best means for accomplishing the deliverance of the prisoner.

A tap at the door, which came at this moment, served to abridge and guide her scheming. It was a servant with a note from Sir Charles Davenant to the following effect:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I may possibly be under the necessity of leaving the castle this evening for a few days on some business connected with my military duties. In accordance with your request, I take the earliest opportunity of informing you that Thomas Godber, a late servant on the Walladmor establishment, will relieve guard at eight o'clock this night. He was, I believe, recently a groom or helper in the castle stables, and he enlisted into one of the two troops now quartered in the castle with the knowledge and approbation of Sir Morgan. I know nothing of him more than this, and that he bears the character amongst his fellow-

troopers of a good-natured young man. But I presume that, as a former servant of the family, he shares in the general attachment which all about her manifest for Miss Walladmor.

"Wishing, my dear Miss Walladmor, success to your enterprise, I remain, with the greatest regard, your faithful and devoted servant,

"CHARLES DAVENANT."

This note relieved Miss Walladmor from much of her anxiety; for Thomas Godber was not only deeply attached to the family, having been a servant about the castle from his boyish days; but of late he had been bound in a new tie of gratitude to Miss Walladmor by the sanction which she had given to his future marriage with Grace, to whom Tom had long been a zealous suitor.

Grace was not less rejoiced on hearing of the arrangement which Sir Charles had made, and answered for Tom's services with the air of one who claimed more unlimited obedience from him, in the character of a lover, than his colonel or his sovereign could exact of him in those of soldier and subject.

It was necessary that Miss Walladmor should see and converse with Tom. Throwing a large shawl, therefore, about her person, and trusting herself to the guidance of Grace, who led her by passages and staircases which she had never trod before, Miss Walladmor descended to a sort of cloisters or piazza which opened by arches upon one side of the great court of the castle. Here Grace introduced her into a small parlour, and, after she had seen her mistress seated and secured from intrusion, she ran off to summon Tom.

Tom knew secretly that the prisoner was not Captain Nicholas; but he was unwilling to see any speedy termination to a mistake which was at this moment the best protection of his benefactor. He muttered, therefore, some absurdities about high treason, when the projected escape was mentioned to him by his sweetheart, and spoke solemnly of the king and the Parliament.

"High treason!" said Grace. "Fiddle-de-dee! what signifies high treason, in comparison with my mistress's orders?"

"But the king!" said Tom.

"The king, sir! don't lay your wickedness to the king's door; the king would be very pleased to hear that you had done a little treason yourself, if you told him it was by a lady's orders. But come, sir, do as you are bid; or I shall remember!"

And here Grace shook her fore-finger menacingly at Tom, and began to lower upon him so gloomily that Tom found himself running into the pains and penalties of treason against higher powers than the king.

He hastened, therefore, by submission, in words and looks, to clear himself of the guilt of rebellion, and avert the impending wrath of Grace; assuring her that he would do whatever he was bid. Treason or misprision of treason were now alike indifferent to Tom, and he was perfectly penitent and determined to wash out his sin by entire obedience for the future.

Miss Walladmor then proceeded to give her instructions to Tom; but suddenly she was interrupted by a tumultuous uproar of voices in the great court. This was succeeded by a violent hurrying of feet from all parts of the castle; and conscious that they were now exposed to immediate intrusions, Grace suddenly dismissed Tom, whispered a word or two in his ear, and then, snatching up the lamp and flinging the shawl about her mistress, lighted her back as rapidly as possible to her own apartments.

(To be continued.)

PROF. DUFOUR has presented a new and an interesting proof that the earth is round. The images of distant objects reflected in the Lake of Geneva in calm weather show just the degree of distortion which a careful mathematical calculation would predict on account of the shape of the earth.



## ROSE CLINTON.

By JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

(COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.)

## CHAPTER I.

"A DARK fate is thine, fair lassie!" said old Sybil Murrian, after duly examining the little white hand of Rose Clinton one bright sunny evening, when a party of fair maids were severally soliciting a few words from the gipsy's mysterious oracle.

"Pooh, pooh, Sybil!" replied Rose, smiling archly, "you always tell me this gloomy tale. Come, come, think again; do tell me something cheering, there's a good old woman!"

"I have said it, lassie: a dark fate is thine! Ye may laugh and think I know little now, but a time will come when, wi' tears in your eyes an' sorrow in your heart, ye will confess I told over true a tale."

Rose Clinton was decidedly the prettiest girl in the village of Harewood, and her kindness and good temper were proverbial with all who knew her. She had been brought up solely under the care of a kind but delicate mother, her father, a British officer, having died while engaged in foreign warfare during the first year of her infancy; when his widow, being straitened in her pecuniary circumstances, had retired with her tender charge from the noisy bustle of London to the village before-mentioned, where she resided up to the time of the commencement of our narrative.

Rose had now attained her twenty-first year, and a more lovely creature it would be difficult to imagine. She was truly beautiful! Yet, notwithstanding this, and all the flattery and attention which beauty is sure to elicit, even in so remote a village as Harewood, she was modest, affable and unassuming, courteous and cheerful with companions of her own age, and respectful and submissive to her elders. She was a general favourite. How, then, could she for one moment give credence to the awful predictions of Sybil Murrian?

"A dark fate is thine, fair lassie!" were ever the awful words that sounded in her ears.

As the little party were returning home, conversation naturally turned on the several predictions of old Sybil.

"I am sure," said one, addressing herself to Rose, "the old woman can know nothing about our fortunes, or she wouldn't say what she does about you."

"No, indeed," repeated a second, "for we all know, Rose, that you are to be married to Frank Wilkie, and a better or a kinder lad there isn't in the whole parish."

"What nonsense!" replied Rose, blushing deeply at the remark made by the last speaker. "Frank Wilkie, you know, it is said, is going to marry Mary Harcourt, so it will be very unlikely."

"Nay, that is very unlikely!" exclaimed little Susan Grey, a pretty brunette, a bosom friend and confidante of Rose. "Frank Wilkie will never marry such a proud, conceited creature as Mary Harcourt as long as there's such a dear girl as Rose Clinton in the village."

"Why, Susan, are you going to torment me, too?"

"No, Rose; but I must speak the truth, and I'm quite sure everybody must observe that Frank always pays more attention to you than to anyone else. Did he not dance with you in every dance at the last harvest feast? And then, you know, love, when a certain young man meets a certain young woman on her way from church every Sunday night, it certainly appears as though there was—"

"What, pray?" said Rose, again blushing deeply.

"Why, a little partiality, to say the least of it. And, believe me, Rose, you need not blush so deeply when we chance to mention Frank. He's a very nice young man, and you'll make a very comfortable couple; therefore, I don't care

how soon I have to dance at your wedding. Oh! I shall be as light-hearted and as happy as a fairy! My dear Rose will look so exquisite in a new white dress and a smart new bonnet; and then the bridegroom, too, will be so gay and—"

"So grateful to his friend Susan Grey for pleading so strongly in his behalf," cried the very young man in question, coming suddenly from under the cover of a thick, bushy hedge-row, behind which he had heard, unobserved, the last sentence of the fair speaker.

After the first greetings and exclamations of surprise were over, Frank politely offered his arm to his fair favourite, who, evidently not very much surprised at this mark of preference, courteously accepted the offer.

Frank Wilkie (as one of the girls had remarked) was certainly the best and kindest young man in the village; he was also one of the finest looking men into the bargain; therefore, we need not wonder at the kind reception he always received from the fair sex.

He had been instructed in the profession of an artist, and was now busily engaged in prosecuting his studies—the profits of his labour being sufficient to enable him to live respectably, and, at the same time, to support a venerable father, whom age had rendered unfit for the care and bustle of the world. Why Frank had fixed his residence in so secluded a situation I know not; but, even shut out of the world, as he literally was, his name was not long destined to remain in obscurity. His drawings had already attracted the attention of more than one leading member of his profession—fame spoke loudly in his praise—and fortune seemed smiling with propitious ray on the destinies of the young painter.

Letter after letter arrived, offering him advantageous engagements under the first masters in the metropolis, but all offers were speedily, yet courteously, rejected. The village had too forcible ties on his affections. There was his grey-headed father wearing out the little remnant of his days in the unutterable sweetness of solitude, and solitude, be it remembered, is not less soothing to old age than bustle and merriment is invigorating to youth; and there, too, was another tie. Frank Wilkie did, indeed, love Rose Clinton! He had not, however, made a confession of his passion; but no one could mistake his object. He and Rose were partners at all the village festivities; they wandered, arm-in-arm, through the shady groves on an evening; they smiled together, sang together; in short, they did everything that young people generally do under such circumstances. Consequently, everybody believed them sacredly plighted to each other; and gossiping old maids (plague take them!) even went so far as to name the day of the wedding, and a dozen other attendant et ceteras.

"Rose," said Frank, after they had separated from their companions, "I have a question to ask you, but you must first promise me that you will not be angry!"

"Why need I promise you that? Did you ever find me so very naughty, Frank?" replied Rose, anticipating from the embarrassed manner of her companion what would be his interrogation.

"No, dear Rose, no! But I have never ventured to ask you such a question before."

"Well, I promise you, unless it should be something very bad, I will not be angry."

"Then," said Frank, placing his arm round her well-formed waist, and looking inquiringly in her eyes, "will you love me, Rose?"

Rose was silent.

"Will you give me your hand? Will you—"

"La, Frank! how can you be so ridiculous?" replied Rose, suddenly interrupting him. "We are too young even to think of such a thing."

"No, no! Youth is the season of love, and wedlock without love is rarely productive of anything but misery and trouble."

"Well, Frank, if I grant that all you say is correct, there is yet another obstacle—I am poor, and poverty, you know, is a bitter foe to love."

"Rose, I am also poor, in the worldly accretion of the word; nevertheless I am enabled, by honest industry, to reap a sufficient provision for the necessities, though not the luxuries, of life. I would, for your sake, I had been born to a luckier fortune."

"Nay, repine not, Frank; I would rather share the small wages of honest industry than the countless riches of oppression!"

"Come, then, why not say you will be mine? Give me your promise!"

"That is impossible! You must first ask my mother, and should she give you her consent, why then I perhaps may—may think about it!"

The youthful couple now hastened merrily towards the village, and by the time they had reached Mrs. Clinton's cottage, Rose had entirely forgotten the prediction of Sybil Murrian.

Mrs. Clinton was a very good, though a singular, woman. She had naturally a powerful understanding, united to an ardent and sanguine temper, ever craving, as such tempers generally do, some new art or science on which to indulge its wayward fancies. She had seen just sufficient of the fashionable world to be disgusted with its vanities and hypocrisies, more especially with the foibles and the coquetry of many of her own sex. She looked upon candour and decision in woman as we are taught to look upon bravery and humanity in man—as two of the first traits of the human character—nor had she failed to impress these sentiments on the mind of her daughter.

Since the time Mrs. Clinton had taken up her residence in Harewood, her leisure hours had been devoted to general reading and the study of botany, in which science she was no mean scholar, as she often demonstrated when walking in her neat little garden. A sweeter little paradise I never remember having seen; there was something so calm and tranquil, too, in its situation, that it would have been impossible not to admire it; but above all I used to love the little jessamine bower, where, after I became acquainted with the family, I have sat reading for two or three hours together. It was the very place to peruse the soft, thrilling minstrelsy of the poets—nature there appeared in its calmest, sweetest repose.

In this very bower Frank Wilkie and Rose found Mrs. Clinton on their arrival at the cottage. I was present at the time, and never do I remember Rose looking so lovely, so transcendently beautiful, as at that moment. A soft crimson blush suffused her fair cheeks and forehead, over which her bright auburn ringlets, damped by the evening air, fell in a careless, yet becoming, negligence; but, above all, there was a master charm in her bright, hazel eyes, now brightly glowing with the first beams of virtuous love. Oh, how I blessed that sweet girl as I sat with my eyes riveted on her fair form, little thinking, alas! that I should ever live to see—

But I must proceed: trouble ever comes too soon upon us, therefore, let us not anticipate it before it really arrives. Affable and courteous were the greetings between Mrs. Clinton and young Wilkie, the former, as a matter of course, mildly thanking him for his kind attention to her daughter, little suspecting at the time the true intention of Frank's visit, who, let me observe, like most other men in love, appeared to less advantage than usual. I know not how it is, but the tender passion has invariably a strange effect on mankind—they become restless, fretful, and dissatisfied with everybody and everything, save the one enchanted idol.

"Certainly, Mrs. Clinton, you have displayed much taste in the selection of your plants and flowers," observed Frank, as the fair lady directed his attention to some particular specimens which had cost her more than ordinary trouble.

"Then, pray, tell me which of all my flowers you most admire?"

This was said with a little vanity, for Mrs. Clinton, with all her good sense, was, beyond all doubt, vain of her superior knowledge of botany.

"Really, Mrs. Clinton, this is a difficult ques-

tion to answer: your geraniums are so very fine; your balsams so very rare; but, then, your roses are so rich, so uncommonly beautiful! Oh! they are my favourites, decidedly!" and a smile here lit up the countenance of the speaker, who turned his bright eyes slyly towards Miss Clinton, as though he would have added, "You, love, are the sweetest rose of all!"

Foreseeing, as I imagined, the wishes of our young artist, I immediately offered my arm to Rose; and, after making a slight apology for departing, retired with her to the cottage, leaving Mrs. Clinton and Frank Wilkie still wandering in the garden.

Supper was at last announced. Poor Rose! I shall never forget her agitation at that moment, nor the piercing glance of her inquiring eye, as her mother and Frank, after being summoned by the maid servant, entered the room where we were seated. But a moment, and her confusion was over; the happy smile with which Frank handed her to a chair cleared all doubts. Mrs. Clinton had consented!

After this night Frank became a regular visitor at the cottage; and in less than three months the bridal day was appointed, the dresses ordered, and little Susan Grey bespoken as bridesmaid. Oh! it was a sweet, yet a melancholy time? I never see preparations for a bridal but I am sure to feel a strange, childish weakness; I have often schooled myself for giving way to this foolish feeling. Foolish, did I say? No, no; it is not foolish. Who can, unmoved, behold a fair young creature, all happiness, gaiety, and love, preparing to leave the friends of her childhood and the home of her infancy; where everything, even to the flowers in the window-sill, awaken some sweet remembrance in her memory, and form some tie on her affections; to enter on a new life, a sea of inexpressible peace or interminable storm; building her hopes solely on the idolised object, whom death might sever from her side for ever—and this, too, ere she has turned from the altar!

"Well, my dear Rose," said Susan Grey, as she bounded gaily into the cottage, the morning before the wedding was to take place, "I am so glad! What do you think? But, la! what nonsense for me to ask such a question; how is it likely you can think about anything but love, or anybody but dear Frank Wilkie?"

"What a plague you are, Susan!" replied Rose; "but I shall live to see you in a similar situation to myself, and then——"

"You'll plague me in return, eh? No, no, Rose, you will be an old married woman then, and instead of tormenting me with jokes you'll be worrying me with advice. 'Now, Susan, you should think seriously; you should do so and so.' Yes! that's the way; I know very well now it will be."

"Well, but, my dear Susan!"

"Now, don't interrupt me! Though, by-the-by, Rose," continued the little lively creature, happening to turn her eyes towards a side-table on which was carefully placed Rose's bridal bonnet, as it had arrived from the milliner's that very morning, "that is the prettiest bonnet I ever saw; you will look so charming!"

"Not half so charming as yourself, Susan; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if Harry Forrester were to make you an offer."

"Oh! I don't like Harry Forrester; he won't do for me, Rose. But, la! here I keep chatter, chatter, and forgot to tell you what makes me so happy this morning. My brother Fred will be at your wedding."

"What! has he returned from Spain?"

"Yes, Rose, he arrived last night, and he does look so well in his regimentals; but, then, he is so spoiled with those spiky moustachios—oh, they are horrid!"

"Is he alone, Susan?"

"Alone! no, indeed, he has brought with him a Mr. Harry Vernon—such a wretch! (though he's Fred's friend, by-the-by). He does nothing but smoke cigars, swagger, drink brandy and water, and swear between almost every sentence he utters. He is such a horrid bore, Rose, you cannot think; now Fred endures him I cannot possibly conceive!"

"Oh! he has some good quality or other, or your brother would not have made his acquaintance. You are too hasty, my dear girl!"

"Well, well, probably I am; but you know, Rose, if a man does happen to possess a superior knowledge of any particular science, it does not follow that he should render himself ridiculous, much less disgusting, in his general behaviour. And between you and I, dear Rose, I think Fred will prove none the better for his wanderings; but I am a giddy girl, and, as you say, perhaps form my opinions too hastily."

Mrs. Clinton here entered the room, when this desultory conversation was brought to a premature close, or in all probability it might have been continued for an hour longer, as Susan Grey inherited in no slight degree the volubility of her sex.

This was a busy day at the cottage; and while the ladies were attending to the folding of gloves, bride's cake, etc., etc., Frank Wilkie and I were busily arranging with postboys and the other necessary attendants. The happy couple were to spend the honeymoon in London, with an old bachelor uncle of Frank's who resided near the Green Park; and, as little Susan Grey was to accompany them, this excursion was looked forward to by all with high anticipations of pleasure. I often now think of that eventful day with mingled feelings of joy and bitterness!

## CHAPTER II.

THE wedding morning arrived; and a more lovely morning I have seldom witnessed.

"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on!" thought I, when a couple of carriages, each drawn by a pair of grey horses, drove up to the garden gate—while the merry little birds in the cottage aviary poured forth a torrent of melody, as a happy omen to their young mistress. In little more than half an hour the ceremony was concluded!

She is thine, the word is spoken  
Hand to hand, and heart to heart;  
These are ties should ne'er be broken,  
Nought but death should ever part.

The bridal party breakfasted with their friends at the cottage; and afterwards, accompanied by Susan Grey (the prettiest and sweetest bridesmaid I ever met with), started for London.

Frederick Grey and his friend Harry Vernon were present at the wedding.

Harry Vernon was decidedly a man of the town, acquainted with all the follies and vices of the great metropolis; he had lived amongst them from his childhood, and few men had quaffed deeper of the cup than he had done; yet experience, instead of teaching him wisdom, had only served to make him a more confirmed reprobate. How Frederick Grey first became so intimately acquainted with him I am at a loss to imagine, for I have known the time when he would have shrunk from such a man with horror and disgust; but now he appeared to make him his bosom friend, and ever proved himself ready to sanction and applaud his most ribald and obscene jests.

The bridal party, on arrival in London, was courteously welcomed by Lieutenant Heartall (Frank's uncle) to his mansion in the Green Park. The lieutenant was a plain, rough, honest-hearted sailor. Frank had long been his favourite, and, having no nearer relative, he had determined in his own mind to make him his sole heir—a situation many might have envied. A long acquaintance with the world had given him a good knowledge of the human character, and he was not long in discovering the high mental qualities of his new relative, the fair bride, who, like her husband, soon won a prominent place in his affections. He was her constant chaperon at all the public amusements, and many a young gallant turned an anxious and admiring eye on his fair charge, who looked on everything in the busy metropolis with wonder and amazement.

"Frank, you are a lucky dog, Frank!" said old Heartall to his nephew, one afternoon when they

were left alone in the dining-room; "such a woman is worth a kingdom!"

"I am glad, uncle, you approve so highly of my choice."

"Ay, I remember your poor mother when she was just such a sweet young creature—God bless her! Rose will make you a good wife, Frank, if you only take care of her; but remember, my boy, a wife's conduct is materially influenced by the conduct of her husband. She is as tight a little craft as ever sailed on the ocean of life; and, I warrant, her little heart will fearlessly brave every storm for your sake. Take good care of her, Frank."

"That I shall do, uncle. To win and then to neglect, or trifle with the affections of a woman, is criminal in all men, but in me it would be doubly so. Rose, though herself in humble circumstances, had offers of marriage far superior to mine in a pecuniary view; but she rejected them all—to share the fate of a poor, but I may say, honest artist."

"Honest! poor!" repeated the lieutenant, "d— poor! you shall not be poor any longer, Frank. No, you shall settle in London, your old father shall come and live with you, and so long as I've a crown in my purse, half of it shall be at your service."

"You are too generous, uncle," said Frank, in astonishment at the lieutenant's liberal offers.

"Avast there, my boy! My time's nearly run out; a few years more and what use will all the riches in the world be to me? No, no; you shall share them with me while I live, and when I die, Frank, you shall have them all to use as you think proper."

Frank, more astonished than before, warmly grasped the lieutenant by the hand, and inarticulately uttered:

"Dear uncle, how shall I prove my gratitude?" "By honouring the tars of your country! and by being charitable to the poor. Riches are given to us, Frank, not for our own use alone, but for the use of our fellow-creatures; we hold them in trust one for another. But come, my boy——"

"Yes, indeed, I think 'tis time to come, lieutenant," said little Susan Grey, rushing suddenly into the room; "you must have forgotten that the new piece at the English Opera comes on to-night."

"New piece—English Opera!" repeated the lieutenant.

"Yes, new—piece!" cried Susan, playfully mimicking him. "Don't you remember a certain gentleman promising two certain ladies that he would accompany them to the English Opera House to-night?"

"Zounds and the dev—! (I beg pardon, love!) It had clearly escaped my memory, but I'll be ready to attend you in the twirling of a handspike."

"That's a dear, good old man!"

"Where is Rose, Susan?"

"Oh! busy dressing. She's going to wear the new blonde scarf you purchased for her yesterday. She will look so smart; and you must know she does so love it, and all because you gave it her. But, la! if I let my giddy tongue run on at this rate we shall all be too late for the opera. Now do be quick!"

When the party arrived at the theatre, the drama had already commenced; and, the house being crowded in almost every corner, it was with some difficulty they reached the box the lieutenant had previously selected for their use. They were, however, successful; and unaccustomed as Rose and her fair companion had been to such scenes of gaiety and merriment, no one in the smiling circle appeared to enjoy the humour of the piece more than themselves.

The curtain had just dropped, when the box door was suddenly thrown open, and, to the utter astonishment of all, in rushed Frederick Grey and Harry Vernon.

"Why, what in the name of wonder brings you here so suddenly?" said Susan Grey to her brother.

"Misfortune, dear Susan, misfortune! We are the bearers of sad news; poor old Wilkie——"

"What of him, air? Pray tell me!" cried



Frank, happening to overhear the last few words. "Is he ill? Is he dead?"

"No, no, not dead, no, no!—but don't distress yourself—"

"Pray then, sir, tell me the worst!"

"He is ill, very ill! Immediately after your departure from Harewood he had a severe attack of paralysis, and—and, in short, if you would see him alive, the sooner you leave town the better."

This sudden announcement fell like a thunder-bolt on the hearts of all present. After a brief consultation, it was agreed that young Wilkie should start for the country that very night; and, that no time might be lost, his fair bride and her friend Susan were to remain in London, under the protection of the lieutenant. A cab was immediately called, and, after bidding all a brief but painful good-bye, Frank started for the railway station—the little party immediately afterwards leaving the theatre. Frederick Grey, who had been cunningly watching his opportunity, courteously offered his arm to Rose, who, lost in sorrowful abstraction at the fatal events of the last few moments, readily accepted it, and was hurried unconsciously to the colonnade, where Harry Vernon had a carriage in waiting, into which she was placed before the lieutenant and Susan had time to observe their movements. In a moment more the carriage was rolling over the pavement, and the mourning bride, unsuspectingly, hastening from the metropolis. From the first moment of Harry Vernon's beholding Rose, he had secretly plotted her ruin, and, aided by his fellow-reprobate, they had thus wickedly devised the tale of old Wilkie's illness to obtain their ends.

### CHAPTER III.

It was morning, and the busy seaport town of Boulogne presented a scene of bustle and merriment. The fishermen returning with their cargoes, the old bathing women hastening to perform their daily labours, and the smiling nurse-maids, with their rosy children, rambling about the piers, presented a scene at once imposing and cheerful. Yet there was one who looked from the casement of a little cottage on the cliff with weeping eyes and downcast heart—this one was the deceived Rose Wilkie. It was but a few days since she had wandered through the gay scenes of London, cheerful, healthy, and contented—and now, alas! she stood pale, trembling, and bowed down with misery and despair.

Her betrayers had conveyed her to her present abode direct from the metropolis; and she was at once a stranger and a prisoner. Harry Vernon was standing near her, trying with cunning art to win her to forgetfulness.

"Come, come, Rose! 'tis a shame to see so sweet a face as yours overcast with sorrow! Smile—be happy!"

"What, sir?" answered Rose, with a bitter sigh; "can you bid me smile—bid me be happy—you, who have thus cruelly betrayed me—you who have robbed me of all that is dear to me on earth, and now, to complete your barbarous victory, would have me yield myself up a shameless victim of debauchery? Happy! Never, sir, till you restore me to the arms of my husband, shall I again know what it is to be happy!"

"Your husband—pooh! pooh! you must forget him! Come, come, Rose! Harry Vernon will love you better than Frank Wilkie."

"Sir, add not insult to insult! Oh! as you hope for forgiveness of your sins at the hands of your Creator, spare me! save me!"

"Rose Wilkie, let me have no more of this. You are here; and here you must remain. I have risked much for your sake, and think not I shall now let you return to him whom time and change of scenery will shortly teach you to forget. Come, come! remember you are in my power; give me your love—your—"

"Love! Oh, sir! you know little of woman's heart, or you would have spared me this. No, sir, sooner could I love the meanest, poorest wretch on the face of the whole globe than such a mean, abject thing as you, who hold virtue as

a mere marketable commodity, and can coolly rob a peaceful family of its earthly happiness."

"Rose!"

"Stop me not, sir! for, let me tell you, if I am in your power I will not calmly give myself up to your dominion. You are a disgrace, sir, to the uniform you wear—it is your place to protect and shield, not to deceive and betray, your countrywomen! Oh, sir! if you at all value your honour, which should be as dear to a soldier as his existence, convey me at once to my husband."

"Honour! talk not to me of honour—'tis a mere by-word for children to sport with. Love! love! shall be our theme, dear Rose!"

Frederick Grey here entered the room, when Rose, falling at his feet, thus earnestly besought his protection:

"Frederick Grey, you have deceived me—you have betrayed me into the hands of a bad man—but, oh! if you have one spark of pity left within your bosom, in atonement for your past errors, now shield and protect me. Oh, Frederick! little did I think when we were children together that you would ever act thus! Little did I think, when we played together on the green of our native village, that I should ever live to see the day when you would be the first to ruin and destroy me! Remember, Frederick, you have a sister—a fair, good girl—and if not for my own, for her sake, save me! Oh! picture her to yourself in my place!"

Frederick Grey here turned away, evidently touched by the artless appeal.

"What, you pity me, Frederick! you already repent having brought me to this situation! Well, well, restore me once more to the protection of Frank Wilkie, and I will forgive you—yes, Frederick, I will bless you—pray for you!"

Harry Vernon, attentively observing the change which the last few moments had wrought in the heart of his companion, at once determined to bring the scene to a conclusion, and, taking Frederick Grey by the arm, he hurried him from the apartment, leaving their miserable victim in solitude to mourn over her misfortunes.

Of all the crimes that darken the pages of iniquity, there is not one, perhaps, more odious in itself, or more baneful in its consequences, than seduction. Murder, even, gives way before it; for the blood-thirsty murderer at once plunges his weapon to the heart of his victim, and thus closes the scene of his own villainy and the sufferings of his fellow-creature. But the cunning, artful seducer, merely for the sake of gratifying his own sensual and depraved appetites, slowly implants the venomous stings of misery in the bosom of his hapless victim; he sees her sinking daily before his eyes, and is but awakened to a sense of his guilt when her cold, inanimate corpse lies stretched on the bed of death. The ruin rests not here—the curses of the deserted and the agonizing cries of the fatherless too frequently add to the enormity of the crime.

Frank Wilkie, on reaching the village of Harewood, soon discovered how grossly and inhumanly he had been imposed upon; but, alas! he knew not the worst. Could he at that moment have seen his poor distressed wife in a strange land, surrounded as she was by characters deeply skilled in the darkest crimes to which human nature is prone, he would certainly have been driven to madness. As it was, he was in a state of agony more easily to be conceived than described. As will readily be supposed, his first thoughts were immediately to return to London, and there to demand of Frederick Grey and his friend Vernon an explanation of their unaccountable conduct.

Full of dark terrors and wild imaginings, feverish, restless, every hour added to his anxiety.

He started for the metropolis as early as circumstances would permit; and the anticipation of again meeting his dear Rose tempted him for a moment to forget the insult he had received. Within a quarter of an hour after his arrival in London, he was quickly tracing his way through the Green Park towards the mansion of the lieutenant, where he shortly became acquainted with the fatal tidings.

Alas! to the heart that is rent  
What nostrums can soundness restore?  
Or what, to the bow overbent,  
The spring which it carried before?

The lieutenant's tale was soon told. After he and Susan Grey discovered that Rose had been carried off, every means had been resorted to to discover the place of her captivity, but in vain. They had not been able to obtain a single incident on which they might build the slightest hope.

Thus day after day passed on; and days, at last, gave place to weeks, and still no tidings came to hand. Poor Susan Grey no longer remained the lively, happy little creature she was wont to be; her fair cheek had now lost its brightness, and her dark, piercing eyes were seldom free from tears. She wandered about like one bereft of her senses—lonely and disconsolate. The friend of her childhood, whom she had loved more than a sister, had been betrayed—ruined by her own brother! Her brother no longer; he had now forfeited all title to her affection, and if there was one man she loathed on earth, one man whom she would have had placed in the hands of justice, it was he. Yes (though such a thought would once have filled her with horror and despair), she would now have gladly come forward as his accuser.

### CHAPTER IV.

We must now pass over a period of twelve months.

It was a dark, gloomy night in December; and the snow, which had fallen in large flakes during the day, completely covered the cold streets of Boulogne, which were only enlivened by a stray passenger, now and then seen hastening to his abode. Many a cottage presented a cheerless and poverty-stricken appearance, but not one might be compared to the miserable home of the unfortunate Rose Wilkie. She still remained an unwilling tenant of the little house on the cliff, where we last parted with her; but it was no longer calculated to afford comfort or protection, every article of furniture of any value having been disposed of, and the money applied to the extravagances of its owner, Harry Vernon, who had now become a perfect adept in all sorts of villainy.

Anyone who had seen Rose on her wedding morning would not have recognized her at this time. From a pretty, gay, light-hearted girl, she had become a haggard, care-worn woman, bowed down by trouble and misfortune—no longer worthy of him she had so long and so sacredly loved, and for whom she would willingly have laid down her life. She had not a single hope; her ruin was now effected, and the fiend, Vernon, left to triumph in his victory. Pale and haggard, she lay stretched on a bundle of straw in a dark corner of the room, anxiously listening for every approaching footstep, while the hectic flush which at times kept flashing over her sunken cheeks proclaimed her the victim of a wasting fever. The long, dreary night passed over, and still no foot crossed the threshold of her cottage; and Rose, worn out with watching, had just fallen into a calm slumber, when the door was hastily thrown open, and Frederick Grey stood by her side, his cheeks pale as the newly-fallen snow, and his lips bloodless and quivering.

"Where is Vernon, Frederick?" said Rose, indistinctly. "Why did he not bring me food as he promised? Cruel—cruel Vernon, but may—"

"Hold, Rose! do not curse him—poor Vernon! Oh, God! such a sight—mangled—bloody—"

"Frederick Grey, what more trouble do you come to heap upon me? Tell me all, my cup of misery is full!"

"Rose Wilkie, I am driven to distraction! I have been a villain, and shall come to a villain's end! But I must be gone. Here, take my purse—return to your husband, you are free! Vernon is—dead—murdered! Oh, God—God! my brain will split! Rose, farewell! Do not curse me!"

Without uttering another word, Frederick



[WITH HER WHITE, THIN HAND FIRMLY GRASPED WITHIN HIS OWN.]

Grey rushed from the apartment, and immediately started on his road for Paris. The last sentence, so full of mystery and dark forebodings, struck heavily on the heart of the distressed mourner, who, uttering a faint shriek, fell back on her straw couch in a swoon, from which it was long ere she recovered. And when that recovery at last took place, the change which had overspread her whole countenance too clearly showed the fatal consequences which were likely rapidly to ensue. The past seemed like a dream—strangely mysterious. Janet (an old domestic, who had been her constant attendant since her arrival in Boulogne) was now her only support, and she watched over the fair ruin with more care and anxiety than could have been expected from a woman of her debased character.

The morning following that on which Frederick Grey had so suddenly departed, brought the whole affair to light. The following paragraph appeared in a newspaper:

**"FATAL QUARREL.**—As three gentlemen were leaving a noted gambling house in the ——— about six o'clock yesterday morning, a quarrel arose between two of them respecting some dispute which had taken place during the previous evening. After much altercation, we understand one gentleman imputed to the other (an Italian, of whose name we are in ignorance) an act of dishonesty, when the latter, in a state of frenzy, drew forth his stiletto and immediately fleshed it to the hilt in the bosom of his opponent, who expired almost instantaneously. The unfortunate victim was a British officer, of the name of Vernon, who has, for the last twelve months, been a constant and most unfortunate visitor at the house before mentioned. The third gentleman, like the murderer, has taken good care to effect his escape, and it is supposed he is now on his way to Spain."

This paragraph, as it will readily be imagined, not only went the round of the Parisian, but also of the London press, and Frank Wilkie was amongst its readers. A week

had passed over since this fatal occurrence took place, and Rose had evidently been wearing gradually away during the whole of that period. The contents of the purse which she had received from Frederick Grey were also nearly finished, and hunger and distress soon threatened to add to her already lamentable condition.

"Oh, Janet!" said she, one morning, when she awoke from her broken slumber, "I have dreamt such a dream! Methought I was carried back to my native village, and there was my mother, and poor Susan Grey, and Frank Wilkie—dear, dear Frank!—all so happy; and I, even I, Janet, was happy—very happy, for they all loved me as they used to do. Yes—yes; and Frank told me I should be his wife—his, only his! And then I thought it was my wedding-day, and we were all so cheerful, and—but, alas! Janet, it is only a dream. I am in misery, in a foreign land, dishonoured and disregarded—there is no one to love me now, Janet—no, not one. Yet, Heaven knows I—I am blameless—I am innocent! Poor Frank! Could I but see him—see him but for a moment to obtain his last blessing, I could die happily. Oh! my poor heart! Ache—ache—"

"Nay, nay, madam, you will soon be better. Do not weep."

"Better, Janet! yes, in heaven. I feel—I know I shall there be better, but never again on earth. No! I have partaken too deeply of the cup of misery ever again to revel in the sunshine of contentment and happiness. Yet, Janet, I was happy once—oh, yes! very happy—and it was hard to be cast down so soon, so young, so cruelly, but—but God forgive them! Hark, hark! did you not hear?"

"What, pray, madam?"

"A footstep. There—there again—listen! Ah! 'tis my husband's."

Rose uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor as the door slowly opened, and Frank Wilkie and Susan Grey entered the miserable cottage. What were their feelings at this moment it would be impossible for pen to

describe. It was some time ere Rose showed the slightest symptom of returning sensibility; and when at last a slight change was observable, it was so faint that it was feared her reason had been impaired. Her husband sat with her white, thin hand firmly grasped within his own, watching with breathless anxiety every little alteration in her countenance. She at last opened her dark eyes, and resting them fondly on those of Frank Wilkie, faintly murmured:

"Frank, will you not kiss me?"

Poor Frank, mad with despair, immediately pressed her cold lips closely to his own, when a smile, such as is shed by a lingering sunbeam over the dark waste of night, instantly lit up her once lovely cheek, and with a strong effort she breathed her last few words:

"Frank, husband!—yes, you are still my husband—God bless you! We shall meet in heaven! Fare—farewell!"

All was over now. Rose Wilkie was no more!

Reader, would you know more of Frank Wilkie, let this suffice. He is still living, and resides at present in the house his old uncle, the lieutenant, used to occupy in London, and no artist of the present day enjoys greater popularity or is more deservedly respected. He is still a widower, and will, I am fully persuaded, ever remain so. I often now see him weep like a child over the portrait of his first love, and often, too, hear him exclaim:

"Poor Rose! there was but one Rose in the world! And, alas! as Sybil Murrain predicted, 'A dark fate was hers!'"

Mrs. Clinton and the lieutenant have both been laid at rest in their last homes—the grave!

And for Susan Grey, she is Susan Grey no more, but Mrs. Martin, the wife of a rich City merchant of that name, and a better wife or a kinder mother it would be difficult to meet with.

What has become of her reprobate brother?

No one knows. He has never been heard of since his departure from Boulogne.





[THE WHEELED CHAIR, ITS GUARDIAN, DRIVER, AND OCCUPANT, PRESENTLY DESCEND TO THE BEACH.]

## DREGS AND FROTH.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

By A. H. WALL.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE MOORLAND CHURCH.

It is all alone.  
The day and night through alone, alone  
Upon the northern slope of the black fell,  
Deep hidden midst the purple heather swell.

HOLME LEE.

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

The old fisherman and his wife passed the night with their son and daughter, intending to accompany them in the morning to divine worship in the little old church on the moor, where service was performed once in every three weeks.

It was in a lonely spot known as Pembray Bottom, and the church was little better than a barn, with a short, squat, stone tower at one end, overgrown with ivy. It had a tiny, dilapidated, Early Norman porch, fringed and stained with lichens, with quaint elaborate carvings, long since broken and defaced by time and changeable weather. It stood in a little graveyard, where the grass was knee-deep and the graves were marked by slabs of slate, where the wild, lonely moorland spreading out around it gave the deepest intensity to the quietude and peacefulness of the spot, and made the resting-places of the dead more solemnly impressive.

From outlying farms and little secluded villages, from cottages down by the sea and isolated inland dwellings up amongst the hills, groups of worshippers wind their way amidst the purple heather and yellow gorse, by the grey crags and mossy stones and the greater masses of rock—some in rustic carts drawn by ponies or donkeys, and some afoot, all converging from different

points and varying distances, some from as many as seven miles, down to where the little old church-bell is calling them, with its monotonous unmusical clang.

Superstition and piety blend to a remarkable extent amongst the Cornish poor. They are an emotional, excitable people, and their religious duties are commonly performed with great zeal and eagerness. It was so, at least, in this locality, where none were more regular in their devotions than Owen and Mary Jenkins.

After an early breakfast, the pony was harnessed, or "hitched in," the market cart; and their parents, two little children, and themselves being all comfortably seated, away they were jogged and jolted for Pembray Bottom, a distance of some four or five miles.

The clergyman's horse was fastened by the mounting block beside the little iron gate when they arrived, and most of the congregation were seated. They were composed chiefly of miners and fishermen, with their wives and families, and all were neat and clean, in their "Sunday best," and as reverently prepared to listen to the sermon as they were to join heartily, loudly, and energetically in the praying and singing.

The preacher was a thin, pale-faced man, with large, dark, expressive eyes, and a tall, gaunt figure. His voice was one of great power and compass, and there was a rude simplicity in his language, style, and imagery which, with his terrible earnestness, gave him an almost perfect away over the passions and feelings of his listeners. Sparing in nothing that could appeal to their sentiments of love, pity, or terror, bringing his lessons and admonitions home to the humblest incidents of their daily life, introducing allusions to local scenes and personages with whom they were all familiar, he awakened their terrors of hell and eternal torture, soothed them with proofs of "the dear Lord's" long-suffering patience and ever-ready forgiveness, or softened their hearts to grateful fervour and the tenderest love.

Speaking of "Father's" mercy and enduring goodness, he said:

"There's old Billy Jones—you all know him well. Look at him, friends, and remember what he was! He was a drunkard, a smoker, a swearer, a bad neighbour, a cruel husband, and a harsh, wicked father. I said to him one day, down there at the pit mouth, you know, I said to him: 'Well, Billy, I wonder why God keeps you alive!' And Billy said, with a grin: 'I'm seventy year up, maister, and I've seen a many younger men—church an' chapel goin' uns, like yourself, passon—carried away feet foremost. Ain't yer amazed at that, passon? Why didn't 'un lev 'em alone?' And I said to him: 'Billy, good man, I'll tell you why God permits you to cumber the ground; it's because He loves you! I don't suppose there's a single soul living on earth who does love you! I don't love you—God forgive me for saying so! but it's true, Billy. I try to love you, and I can't; but God does, although I don't.' Then Billy grinned again, and said, jeeringly: 'Nobody asted you to, passon.' And I said: 'No, Billy, and you never asked God to love you; but you have asked Him to curse you often enough—you have tried your best to make Him hate you, often enough—you have defied Him and mocked Him and insulted Him, often enough. But God still lets you keep the keys of your rickety old tabernacle, Billy, although it warns you that its end is coming nearer and nearer—warns you every hour of your life. God keeps you alive because He loves you, Billy; because He so badly wants to have mercy upon you, and save your wicked soul from the torment of eternal damnation.' That struck Billy. He looked foolish when he heard that; for the first time in his evil and benighted life he saw how true it was. And Billy gave in at last. He ceased to fight against God. Father took him from amongst us only last week. I stood by his deathbed, and Billy's last words were: 'I've been a monument o' God's mussey all my life, and never knowed it. I were a dead man all my life, passon; and now I'm agoin' to begin to live—God be thanket!'"

Rude and simple hearts were touched by the preacher's homely story. Each of his listeners

bent eagerly forward, anxious that not a tone of his voice should escape unheard, the lips of the women pitifully curved and trembling, and in many cases their eyes full of tears, irrepressible sighs and groans intimating how strongly they felt, until, when the end was reached, as if moved by one sudden impulse, they all stood up and shouted aloud, as with one powerful voice:

"Glory to God! glory to God! Hallelujah!"

While this loud shout, bursting forth into the sweet, pure air above the sunny moorland, was still echoing and re-echoing as it died away amongst the rocks and hills, the worshippers' stentorian voices again burst into hearing, rising higher and higher, swelling louder and louder, in a rude, wild, passionate outburst of holy song:

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!"

Then once more the deep, solemn silence prevailed, and seemed the deeper. And the people came out of the dimly-lighted church into the little churchyard, where they converted the graves and tombstones into chairs and tables, and brought forth their dinners, forming little groups of friends and neighbours, discussing the sermon, their private affairs, and the gossip of their different localities, as they ate their favourite three-cornered potato pasties.

The Jenkinses have friends and acquaintances in every group, but everybody seemed more or less well known to everybody, and the only person present who had any element of strangeness about her was Mary, who, because she had come from London, was described amongst themselves as a foreigner, and laughingly accepted the title. She was, however, no small favourite, especially amongst the children and the young of her own sex, who clustered about her, laughing and chatting merrily.

The clergyman, before he rode away, had much to do in the vestry, where he was privately interviewed by, and gave spiritual advice to, many poor anxious souls haunted by some troublesome doubts, or full of terribly disquieting fears. He took a deep interest in them, and listened to their little woes and troubles patiently, with a thoughtful air, and was full of sympathy and shrewdly practical advice for all. A good man, and himself a native of Cornwall, he entered thoroughly into the peculiar characteristics of his flock, and, like theirs, his religion was deeply tinged with superstition and a wild, ungovernable fervour arising from the depth, intensity and sincerity of his convictions.

In one group, the last with which the Jenkinses mingled before they got into the cart for their homeward journey, they were talking of a Major Tregarthen and his invalid daughter, Guinevere.

"They've brent un back, poor creature, to the old house, but she beant a morsel better; I didn't think she ever 'ud be," said one.

"Yes," said another; "and the foreign lady, Mrs. Cochrane, ha' been brent back too, d'y'er see?"

"They be fine folk up there in the Tregarthen Manor House," said a third.

"Who is this Miss Tregarthen and Mrs. Cochrane they were talking about?" asked Mary, on the road back to the farm.

"Ah!" replies Owen, with a sigh that is full of pity; "it's Miss Jennifer and a lady as is her companion, so they call it. She's a poor young creature as have lost the use of her legs—rheumatiz, they say; and Mrs. Cochrane comes from furrin parts—I can't tell you wheer, Polly; maybe from somewhere in Devon, like enough; she looks like a Devon woman."

"She talks like a London un," says grandfather Jenkins, correctively.

"She talks like a lady," says Owen, apologetically; "just as ladies always does in all parts."

"She talks like an angel, and so does Miss Jennifer!" enthusiastically exclaims Elizabeth Ann.

"She's a lady," says Owen, meditatively, contemplating the thong of his whip, "well known all through these parts, Polly, is Miss Tregarthen. She lives near Hellaz, not far from St. John's Kieve; you have been there, you

know. She's a good un, she is—a true Christian, she is—always a doin' someone or other good, is Miss Tregarthen. And she's someat like your brother Erny!"

"Like my brother!" exclaims Mary, with a loud laugh. "Why, how can you tell that; you never saw him in all your life?"

"He makes picters, an' so does she," said Owen, gravely.

"She be goin' to make a picter of you one of these ere days, missus," says old Jenkins to his wife, who positively blushes at the grandeur of such distinction, and says, gleefully:

"Loar, a dearie me! why, I never had a picter tooked of me in all my life!"

"Yea," says the old man, chuckling at the strange idea. "And she be goin' to send it to what un calls a Rile 'Academy, or somethin' up there in London Church town."

This sets them all laughing, and so they go merrily home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISS TREGARTHEN AND HER COMPANION.

Through all springs with rainbow-tinted showers,  
And through all seasons with their wealth of flowers,  
And every autumn with its harvest home,  
And all white winters of the flocks to come,  
Crooked and sick.

KNEZ the little old market town of Hellaz, in a wild, lonely part of the country, ten miles or more from Owen's Farm, and within a mile of the shore, stands in extensive grounds, an old weather-beaten, Elizabethan mansion shut in by lofty walls and iron gates, known as Tregarthen Manor House.

Major Tregarthen, its present owner, is an old gentleman of independent property, but far from being wealthy. He prides himself upon the whiteness of his hands, the perfect form of his finger-nails, the antiquity of his family, and, above all, upon always being gentlemanly. He is, indeed, most courteous, polite and self-complacent, a man who is never off his guard, never loses his temper, whose language in the presence of ladies is delicate to fastidiousness, who is, as everybody says, "an excellent man," and "always so gentlemanly."

Some do, indeed, say that he is "dreadfully gentlemanly," but that's their fun. And one compared his gentlemanly feeling to a mirror which makes a great show of depth, but has in reality nothing beneath its surface; but that was envy.

He is very learned and accomplished.

His learning is in hereditary, of which he has a splendid knowledge. He can describe the pedigrees of all the ancient families in the kingdom, and it is probable if you, dear reader, happen to come of a noble stock, that he knows more about your great-grandfathers and grandmothers than you know yourself.

As to his accomplishments, they are lofty, too. He is a perfect master of etiquette, and shines in his strict adherence to all the proprieties of select society. He is an excellent cook, a profound judge of good wine, carves to perfection—a most accomplished gentleman.

Proud of himself, and never forgetful of his noble qualities, he carries his person with much dignity and erectness, moving slowly and with state, stiffly, as if his spine and limbs were on hinges which wanted oiling; you almost expect to hear them creak. He meets inferiors with a self-complacent smile, and in an amiable spirit of condescension, always speaking to them just as he speaks to his equals—slowly, in a low, soft, self-approving voice, and with great suavity of manner, using as many and as big words as possible. A speech of any length from the lips of Major Tregarthen is a kind of ceremonious procession, a species of verbal Lord Mayor's show—long and tedious, and with many gaps between its parts, but always grand.

The major devotes himself very largely to that which oft proclaims the man—his attire. It is always of the best and neatest, and in the latest fashion. He is near-sighted, and wears a single eye-glass, as if in protest against the extravagance and folly of his Creator in giving

him one eye more than he wanted. In a like spirit of revolt he dyes his hair, his moustache, and his mutton-chop-shaped whiskers.

He has nothing to do, and he does it in the most gentlemanly way.

The major is a widower with one son, now abroad with his regiment, and one daughter, the lady of whom the church-going fisher and mining folks spoke pitifully and lovingly.

The sunshine is bright upon the sturdy bluffs and rocky hillsides by the sparkling sea, from which a murmuring breeze is softly blowing, when old John Pentreath, the major's man-servant, arrayed in all the state and glory of his livery, and ambitiously imitative of his master's slowness and stiffness of carriage and motion, appears on the scene, pushing before him the wheeled chair in which sits his poor mistress, a short, slim young lady of one-and-twenty, with a bright, healthy complexion, large grey eyes, full of feeling and intelligence, and a profusion of silky brown hair. She is accompanied by the lady she has recently engaged as companion, a graceful woman, with a pale, thin face, in which sadness and sorrow conceal, without destroying, beauty.

Her dress is of the neatest and quietest; she wears her hair short, and she speaks to the poor young creature she is paid to attend upon with a sympathetic sweetness and tenderness which no pay can command, and which may well win for her Miss Tregarthen's grateful heart.

"I feel sometimes, Mrs. Cochrane," the young invalid had said some weeks before, with tearful eyes and a loving pressure of her companion's thin, white hand, "as if it must have been my dead mother's loving spirit that led you to answer my advertisement. I had a strange feeling of that kind even when I met you in Torquay. I can't think how people can ignore that mysterious influence which defies time and space, and apparently sets aside all the known laws of our nature to link us with the unknown and the unseen. To refuse belief in everything beyond the evidence of our senses seems to me as foolish as it would be to deny the existence of everything we have not actually seen or felt; to say there is only shore because we have passed our lives inland, and never visited the sea—to deny the existence of all who lived in the past because we can no longer see their forms and hear their voices. I am sure my dear mother's spirit is always with me watching and soothing; I am sure she sent you here, Mrs. Cochrane, to be to me what she was, now that I am so terribly afflicted, and she is dead! God bless you!"

And terrible indeed is the affliction God has sent to try this gentle creature's piety and patience. To see her, as a stranger might, on her couch, her bed, or in this wheeled chair—between one and the other of which her life is passed—one could imagine that her condition was one of full health and enjoyment. But, alas! she is an incurable invalid. Rheumatism and paralysis have deprived her lower limbs of their use!

And yet the lease of her life, shut out as she seems from all that gives it joy and hopefulness, or usefulness and practical worth, is well worth possessing. There is not a poor sufferer for miles around her father's ancient house who does not know and love her. When times are bad, or sickness disables the hardy bread-winners, she is the ministering angel who lightens the heavy hand of adversity. There is now stored away somewhere for winter use a huge iron copper on wheels, with a grate for burning charcoal beneath it, and when snow and frost come it goes out with her twice a week round to the scattered cottages and tiny villages, filled with delicious soup, and always comes back empty. She is Bible-reader to the aged whose sight has grown too dim for reading; she is a blind girl's eyes, for the eternal blackness in which poor Mary Cookworthy lives and moves and has her melancholy being is peopled with pleasant images and interesting scenes when Miss Tregarthen brings to her cottage the last new novel, and sits there reading it aloud.

Her sweetness and goodness are antidotes to the deadliest poisons that war against all the joy and happiness of life.



Miss Tregarthen is an artist of some eminence, and you have probably admired not a few of her canvases on the walls of the Royal Academy. She has her painting-room in the quaint old brick mansion, and scarcely a suitable day passes in the spring, summer, autumn, or winter in which she is not out studying from nature. At home her models are the rustics, miners, and fisher-people; abroad they are the scenes in which they live, their cottage homes, and the details of their lowly lives.

Her chief delight is in her art. To catch the fleeting glories of sea and sky, the tenderly changeable hues of distant slopes and hollows, the deep solemnity of crags and cliffs dark against the sky at sunrise or sunset, the rich glories of fern and gorse, and the swelling rise and leap of the foam-crowned waves—these are the innocent and poetic joys in which she forgets her sufferings and is no longer helpless.

It is the duty of Mrs. Cochrane to be constantly with Miss Tregarthen, by day and by night. The poor invalid depends entirely upon her. Her companion dresses her in the morning, and prepares her for bed, carries her to and from the chair in which she is wheeled from room to room, and walks beside her when, as now, she goes abroad.

"I'm your doll, Mrs. Cochrane," says she, with a pleasant laugh; "a talking doll, with real eyes that open and shut, and real clothes that can be put on and taken off; and if I am naughty, you can put me in a corner without the slightest fear of my coming away from it before you are pleased to take me out. Just like a doll—such a doll as I used to leap into the seventh heaven of rapture about when I was a little girl; only I'm rather a big doll; but then, you know, my dear Mrs. Cochrane, you are yourself such a very big girl to have a doll, so that a smaller one would naturally appear absurd."

Who could fancy that a laugh so full of merriment came from such a seemingly hopeless wreck?

The wheeled chair, its guardian, driver, and occupant, presently descend to the beach, and, passing the old coastguard station, enter a rugged stone gully, leading gradually upward and inland. Out of this they turn into a field-path, which takes them back toward the ocean, and, sloping downward, brings to view, in the hollow under a mighty cliff, two short rows of small thatched cottages, standing in little patches of unfertile garden ground, with baskets, fishing-nets and floats, oars and boat-hooks, scattered about amongst them, with groups of little sunburnt children at play amongst them, and a forbidding odour of stinky refuse arising from them.

A pretty scene, which both the ladies eye admiringly.

Miss Tregarthen signs with her hand for John, the propeller, to pause, and bring forth sketch-book and pencil.

"This is the point I must sketch it from," she says, enthusiastically; "the light's just right for it. And while I'm at work, John, I want you to go down to old Jenkins's cottage, and ask him when his wife can give me the first sitting. Have you got your book, Mrs. Cochrane? I'm so glad pa happened to have it!"

Mrs. Cochrane produces the "Globe" edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," saying:

"When I was a girl at home with my grandfather, we had in the old library a curious sixteenth-century edition of this work, which was in high favour with myself and my little sister Clara. There was a strange fascination for us in its pages; and many and many a time, in the garden under a big old walnut tree, and in winter and wet weather in the deep window recess or by the fireside, did we pore over its pages. We often wished we could go to Cornwall, and see where King Arthur was born, and the places where he fought his last great battles. And now I am so foolish and soft-hearted, do you know, that the mere sight of these dear familiar words brings tears into my eyes. I can almost fancy that instead of seeing I hear them in my dear sister's voice."

"You are very fond of your sister, Mrs. Cochrane?"

"Very fond of her!"

The lady seems strangely moved as she speaks, and Miss Tregarthen looking at her with eyes full of pity, asks, in a soft, low voice:

"Is she dead?"

Mrs. Cochrane shakes her head slowly.

"Not dead," she says, hesitatingly, "but lost!"

The gentle invalid, recognizing a sorrow that shrinks from observation in the tone and manner of her sad companion's speech, delicately changes the direction of their talk.

"We must have a long day's drive soon and spend a day or two from home in Camelford. I have a dear old friend living there. It is close to Tretown, where the traitorous nephew and the grand old monarch received their death wounds. You read Tennyson, of course. That is the spot on which King Arthur spoke to Sir Bevidere. I remember the lines:

The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the garbans and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

We say the Camelot of King Arthur is our Camelford, the Camelot Shakespeare mentions in King Lear."

"Tintagel and Camelot are one, I have read," says Mrs. Cochrane, "but Sir Thomas Malory, if I am not mistaken (it is so long since I read the book) believed that Camelot was the ancient name of Winchester."

"That is treason here, in Cornwall, for we Cornish folk are very jealous of our Arthurian traditions and will not have them lightly tampered with. Camelford is a curious old town, and it will, I think, be sure to interest you—there is quite a continental air about it in my eyes. But I must get on with my sketching or the light will change."

What a peaceful pleasure it was to sit there, in the bright, but not too hot sunshine, with a book that brought back such a crowd of heartfelt memories! but a pensive pleasure. To hear the hoarse murmur of the sea and the quiet rustle of wind in the long, coarse grass, the soft, low noises of insects in the air, and the faint, sweet songs of birds in distant trees, with the voices of children at play coming up from the cottages—not inharmoniously.

To look up from the white and black of the little printed page and see the tiny fishing village amongst the crags below, a mass of rich and varied colours, the overhanging cliff itself, a complicated study in quiet tints and tones, and the placid sea, smooth as a lake, blending blue with purple, and pale emerald-green with sandy yellow nearer the shore.

The companion's heart grows fuller as she dreamily contemplates the scene before her and thinks with a quivering sigh of pleasure, how lovely it all is, how deeply, perfectly delightful!

She says to herself:

"Ah! how happy I could be here, if Clara and my mother were now with me!"

The reader has already discovered that Cochrane, the maiden name of Mrs. Grant, is that which the runaway wife of Sir John Weeldon has adopted to avoid all risk of discovery.

John presently returns, preserving with difficulty the rigidity of his dignified superiority as he slips and stumbles amongst the sea-weed, and totters and toils up the steep grassy slope. And with him comes a tall, old woman, Miss Tregarthen's model, old Bess Jenkins.

"I am painting a picture, Mrs. Jenkins," says the young artist, with a pleasant smile, "and I want to make you one of the figures in it."

"Aw loar!" exclaims Elizabeth Ann, curtsying, with a flush of pride dyeing her wrinkled cheeks and brightening her eyes; "taint flity, my dear, as 'er should put a poor old body like me into a picter."

"When can you come and see me? Can you come to-morrow? I shall be so glad if you can."

"Aw, yes, I'll come to-morrow," says Eliza-

beth, with a laugh, her stiff, old, brown fingers fidgeting nervously with her coarse apron—the honour of being put into a picture so greatly overcomes her.

From the time of the old woman's first appearance there is a look of vague emotion on the face of Mrs. Cochrane (as for a while we must continue to call her), a look of being suddenly startled and bewildered, a look of shrinking fear and astonishment.

"It is a woman's form," she says to herself, "but the eyes and the expression are the eyes and the expression of my husband; her smile is my husband's smile; the shape of her face, her mouth, her forehead, all are strangely like his—can it be chance? No, no! they are too much alike; it must be kinship, and if it is I am in danger here, and must not stay. Oh, God! oh, God! when will my terrors cease?"

"That will do, thank you, Mrs. Jenkins, I must keep on sketching, for the light is changing—so much obliged—good-bye."

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN EVENING WITH THE MAJOR.

He is a kind of necromancer; and can raise the dead out of their graves to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their lifetime. DUTLER.

"Good gracious! There goes the dinner-gong!" cried Miss Tregarthen, as she was sharply wheeled into the old iron gates of the Manor House. "How cross papa will be, Mrs. Cochrane!"

The major was already in the dining-room, where the blinds were half down to exclude the sun. He was glaring across the snowy tablecloth, with its flashing, gleaming, and glittering steel, silver, and glass, in no amiable condition, his figure more stiff than ever and his expression growing more and more severe and stern.

In the major's sight few sins were greater than that of keeping a dinner waiting.

"The fault is purely mine, papa," Guinevere was anxious to explain, as John propelled her into the room. "I was making a sketch, and wouldn't be disturbed. Poor Mrs. Cochrane must be terribly hungry!"

Major Tregarthen received them with a protesting gesture, but was silent until the servant had withdrawn, when he pronounced slowly, in a tone of solemn reproach, the following formal address:

"It was, er, provocative, and, insulting, and in no respect, er, palliative, Guinevere, when you, just now, informed me why, despite frequent, er, ostentation, you continue so, so, er, reprehensively, and I may further add, so frequently, er, restrictive, in this important matter of the, er, diurnal, meals. Really, my dear, Guinevere, I must entreat you to remember that this constant neglect of a duty every child owes to a parent, and which is one which should surely need no, er, exculpation (I mean the duty of obedience), is gravely, er, demoralizing, and very seriously to be, er, discommended."

"I am really very sorry, papa," said Guinevere, demurely.

"Sorrow," resumed the major, "unless it, er, approximates to the, er, obediential form of, er, reformation, is, I regret to remark, no, er, no expiation."

As the major said this, he eyed his wine critically with knitted brows, but sipped it with an air of calm relief and approval.

And as the dessert progressed and the wine exerted its genial influence, the major's temper improved. He began to talk.

Having condescendingly praised the day as "one of, er, unsurpassable, er, loveliness," he began to speak of its news.

"Sir John Weeldon——" said he, and stopped abruptly.

The lady companion had started, with a sudden cry.

The major, after one or two vain efforts, discovered his eye-glass, and, leisurely fixing it in its place, looked at her with considerable anxiety.

"Permit me," he said, with ceremonious politeness, "to apologize, Mrs. Cochrane. I, er, solicit your forgiveness, madam. Did I acci-

dentally apply undue pressure to, er, your, er, inferior digit?"

"No! Oh, dear, no!" said the amused lady, with difficulty suppressing a laugh.

"Thank you! My foot was in such, er, such close proximity to, to it, that I feared lest I might have, er, unconsciously, you know, er—so glad!—thank you!"

The major felt that the ground he was upon was far too delicate to be comfortable; but the lady assured him that it was nothing but a thought, a sudden remembrance of something she had forgotten, that had disturbed her—nothing worth mentioning; and the major again murmured his soft "So glad!" before he resumed the good set speech thus seriously interrupted.

"Sir John Weeldon, I was about to, er, observe, uttered another, er, address in the House last night. It was of more than, er, common persuasiveness, and, and perspicuousness, and of, of considerable impetuosity. He was, er, laughed at again, of course, but he was also, also cheered. I do not personally approve of his sentiments, and I do not in the least share his, er, political opinions. I regard them as, as, to speak in an, an, er, exegetical way, as, as a kind of, er, imposthuma, which is very—indeed I may affirm—highly, highly, er, dangerous to the British empire."

"He is one of the Republican party, pa, isn't he?" asks Guinivere.

"He is strongly opposed, I regret excessively to say, to the House of Lords," said the major, severely, but sorrowfully.

Miss Tregarthen knew that in her father's eyes the alderman could be guilty of no offence more heinous than that, so she nodded sympathetically.

"The family of Weeldon," said the major, thoughtfully, with an air of being perplexed and annoyed, "is one of the, er, deepest obscurity. I have been in the library all the morning endeavouring to trace it, but I have not, er, achieved anything that can be regarded as, as successful. There was a de Wildon, Wilton, or possibly Weeldon, in the fourteenth century, but the family, a remote branch of the Egerton de Wiltons, appears to have become extinct during the great Civil War. The Lords Grey de Wilton of the thirteenth century may have been in some way the progenitors of Sir John, but—"

And then the major entered into one of his dull, interminable dissertations upon family history, explaining genealogies, alliances, and intermarriages, etc., etc., until he bored these poor creatures to the very verge of indignant protestation. The major was a terrible nuisance.

Mrs. Cochrane being alone with her charge, and the major having retired to resume his genealogical investigations in the library, the conversation at once changed its character.

"What doleful evenings I should spend with poor papa, if you were not here, Mrs. Cochrane! He is so deeply interested in these dry-as-dust studies himself that he never asks what possible interest we can have in such long, rigmorale tales. What, now, do we care about this city knight, Sir John Weeldon, who was only knighted the other day, and is said to have commenced life in some little shop as a mere errand boy. It's just as likely as not, for aught this titled alderman knows to the contrary, that he never had even a grandfather."

"I have met Sir John Weeldon in London," says Mrs. Cochrane; "he comes of some very obscure family, and since I have been in Cornwall I am possessed with the idea that he is of Cornish origin—he so often uses words that I find are almost peculiar to this part of the country."

She found that to speak thus of her husband, as if he were a stranger, required a mighty effort.

"You must know him quite well, then," said Guinivere, looking inquiringly up.

Mrs. Cochrane blushed, and suddenly cast down her eyes as she said:

"He was a constant visitor where I resided."

Once more poor Mrs. Cochrane's thoughts were recalling the curiously strong resemblance that existed between old Mrs. Jenkins, the fisherman's wife, and Sir John Weeldon.

Again and again, all through that summer evening, she thought regretfully of what her departure from Tregarthen Manor House would be to this afflicted creature, who bore her heavy cross with such sweet patience and gentle meekness.

"I have been happier since you came than I have ever been since I lost the power of walking," Guinivere had said to her, "and now I would not exchange your friendship and affection for anything the world could offer me. It would break my heart to part with you."

And yet Mrs. Cochrane could not resist the impulse of flight; the old terror was upon her, that awful dread of her husband's power—the uncontrollable fear of her own helplessness—her hopelessness that any struggle she might wage against his desperate wrong-doing could end in anything but defeat for her. No, no! where there was even the slightest chance of his finding her she dared no longer stay.

After the pompous father's departure from the dining-room, she sat with Guinivere in the recess of the large bay window to watch the sunset sky, and, looking into the poor young sufferer's loving eyes, imagined all she must have endured, and still endured. She wondered greatly that there was so little sign of all this in the sweetly pleasant face. She thought of the bright, hopeful fancies which give the future such fascination in a young maiden's heart, and saw in their place only the bleak and bitter coldness of complete despair, the oppressive misery of eternal silence and darkness, where there should be sunshine and flowers and the songs of birds; and yet she saw the brightness of her smile, heard the cheerfulness of her voice. She thought how brave this frail little creature was to fight such mighty woes with such noble heroism.

The cruelty of her contemplated desertion seemed to grow the greater the more she thought of it, and it needed the shuddering recall of her awful madhouse experiences to keep the resolution she had adopted—that of flight from Cornwall to some place as secluded and as remote.

But she wavered still, and night closed in upon her, and sleep came with lingering slowness, before she had decided whether she would remain in Tregarthen House or seek another home.

(To be continued.)

## HOW LORD GRAFTON WON HIS WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Heartbroken," "Poor Nance," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIONS AND ADIEUX.

"You don't mean to say, miss, as how he've kep' you entirely in the dark?"

"I do, indeed!" was the emphatic rejoinder, whilst Georgie's dark eyes—opened to their utmost extent, and expressive of absolute incredulity—were riveted upon her companion's ruddy features, eloquent reflex just then of the mind within, where good-natured amusement and hilarity were for the moment paramount, the stewardess of the "Python" being one of those exceptional mortals whose lively interests are easily awakened, and whose sympathies are readily enlisted on behalf of the temporary object of their solicitude.

And for this dark-eyed, golden-haired little traveller, the good woman's heart just now throbbled with almost maternal tenderness; for there was, indeed, something so innocently confiding, so helplessly appealing, in Georgie's manner, that her fellow-creatures were apt to feel themselves necessitated to make her simple griefs and joys their own, and her temporal welfare, to some extent, their personal care. Thus

it happened that before nightfall of the day succeeding the eve of embarkation, the stewardess, the gruff-voiced captain, the rotund Dutch pilot, and (last, but assuredly not least) her solitary fellow-passenger, seemed to have bound themselves in a league by the most solemn oaths to devote themselves individually and collectively to the service of this shy-eyed maid, with sweet mutinous lips like a ripe cleft cherry, around which the dimples played in a fashion at once defiant and provocative.

She was seated now on deck, in a sheltered corner, with the captain's top coat folded as a foot-stool for her feet, and a judicious arrangement of wraps at her back to support her head and shield her shoulders from the stiff breeze which had sprung up from the east, ruffling the waters as with myriads of small white feathers. Yet the moon was rising in a silver sea of glory, so the captain had suggested that "the little lady" should come up on deck for a while, which step Georgie's fellow-passenger had warmly seconded. So, behold the damsel now settled finally at her ease, with the stewardess in sole attendance for the moment—her cavalier servente having hurried below in search of a certain rug which he declared absolutely indispensable to her comfort.

"You've never chanced t' ask his name, I lay, then?" the stewardess proceeded, interrogatively, wiping a splash of foam from off her weather-beaten brow with the corner of her blue serge apron.

"I did, indeed," responded Georgie, with an air of mystification; "for when he politely inquired my name, I thought myself fully at liberty to return the compliment, and he said, 'Hutchinson—Fred Hutchinson!' I'm sure he did!" she repeated, emphatically, as though to make assurance doubly sure, and put to flight some hazy remnant of incredulity lurking in the recesses of her own mind.

"Hutchinson, indeed!" echoed the stewardess, with a cheery laugh. "You ask our captaining. He'll tell yer as him there is none other than a live English lord—an' as fine a specimen of the class (if my opinion's worth takin') as these eyes of mine were ever clapped upon! Oh, my! here he comes, an' all! Well, I'm off! You'll be right enuff now, miss, an' no mistake!" and, with a knowing smile and wink, the worthy woman whisked herself down the cabin stairs into the regions below.

"You despaired of ever seeing me again, possibly!" cried Georgie's new friend, at the top of his voice, as, bending his head to meet the breeze, he staggered towards her under manifest difficulties—for with one hand he struggled to keep his hat upon his head, whilst his other arm clutched rugs enough to have furnished a camp-hospital. "I had to unstrap a bale of wraps, and that loquacious pilot fell upon me in an unguarded moment, and 'nailed' me, molens volens!" Talk of a woman's tongue, indeed! Why, the most inveterate gossiping British beldame isn't 'in it' with any average specimen of the long-minded foreign whisferandos! Here you are, Miss Sinclair!" as he bent and wrapped a voluminous bearskin, warmly lined, about her knees. "And now, if you'll take my advice, you'll have this plaid round your shoulders. So! Now you're pretty well invincible, I should say, and can well defy blustering old Boreas to do his worst!"

Georgie submitted graciously enough to the young man's judicious arrangements for her comfort; and behold him a few moments later seated beside her, his every faculty for the nonce absorbed in pointing out in the vast mysterious vault above their heads the relative positions of Capricorn, Orion and the Gemini—the girl's mind proving absolutely guiltless of the simplest rudiments of astronomy, to the infinite satisfaction of her companion, who at once perceived that the rôle of professor is not without advantages, given certain conditions of facilities for observation.

These were certainly not wanting in the present instance, for when the captain (a full hour later) suggested the desirability of "the young lady's retiring b'lowstairs," Georgie was still gazing wide-eyed, and with sweet lips parted,



up at the star-spangled firmament—darkly, deeply blue to-night, although the full moon sailed high in a cloudless sky, unbecked by the smallest fleecy particle.

That the conversation had, however, descended to matters mundane, the reader may possibly infer, when the fact is chronicled that, though the girl still gazed heavenward, Mr. Hutchinson's grey eyes were almost mesmerically riveted on her delicately pale face, invested just then with a strange spirituelle beauty as the wan moonlight kissed her brow, and silvered o'er with a chaste, pallid lustre the wind-tossed, feathery curls which framed her features like a halo.

For, in truth, it had dawned upon the young man's mind that never throughout the whole course of his earthly pilgrimage (despite the varied vicissitudes and manifold experiences of his eight-and-twenty years) had he encountered mortal maid possessed of a tithe of that indefinable charm which lurked (like some subtle aroma) about Georgie Sinclair's girlish figure and flower-like face—"impregnating the very air around her like a spell," he sentimentally reflected, as he heaved a rapturous sigh.

This sage conclusion the long night's solitary meditation but tended to confirm, and by ten o'clock the following morning, when the full muster of passengers had emerged from the seclusion of their respective berths and congregated upon deck, whilst the "Python" steamed slowly down the broad bosom of the Scheldt, Mr. Hutchinson leant over the bulwarks of the vessel, a prey to the gloomiest reflections. For there was land ahead, land on either side—no possibility of cherishing erroneous convictions on that head; and so parting, alas! was imminent and inevitable—parting, which just then meant "anguish" our impressionable young traveller muttered between his teeth, as he gnawed fiercely at the corners of his dark moustache, and turned his head, to perceive the fair subject of his thoughts emerging, travelling bag in hand, from the aperture—by courtesy dubbed "staircase"—conducting to cabin regions.

He hastened forward to relieve her of what he termed her "impediments," and a few moments later these two were seated side by side, gazing silently into the placid waters of the Scheldt—stirred just then into a sea of foam, as the "Python" imperiously clove its way, straight as an arrow, midway the stream. For some moments neither spoke, each realizing painfully (conscious that the same idea was paramount in the other's breast) that the inevitable moment of adieu drew near—that "finis" must indeed be written at the close of an episode so pleasant that each young heart just then bitterly regretted the tendency of all earthly joys to hasten to a close.

"Miss Sinclair, you must reprove me if I am too presumptuous; but indeed I cannot watch that fatal shore bearing down upon us, as it were, and refrain from finally hazarding the question which has been hovering upon my tongue for the last four-and-twenty hours!" Mr. Hutchinson broke forth, impetuously, at length. "You mentioned that your destination was Liège; should you regard it as an unpardonable liberty if I ventured to inquire further?"

Was it his fancy? or did the girl's cheek indeed one moment flush, whilst for half a breathing space her eyelids fluttered, as though just then she would fain have veiled those dark "windows of the soul?"

"Put your question," she answered, lightly. "I shall then (and then only) be in a position to reply definitely on the minor count."

"What is the object of your journey? Have you friends or relatives whom you design to visit? If so, where do they 'hang out'?" He finished unceremoniously, in the tone of a desperate man: "I must know where you are located."

Miss Sinclair obviously hesitated; then she essayed a faint laugh, which, however, expired drearily enough, like the merest mockery of mirth.

"Ha! ha! I understand. It is my address you are desirous of learning," she retorted,

evasively (and now Hutchinson was *SURE* there was a faint access of colour to her creamy cheek). "Well! I will pardon your curiosity, and gratify it fully, providing only—" She paused.

"Only?" he echoed, interrogatively.

The girl laughed.

"I, too, have a question to ask, but I claim the privilege of my sex, and demand a reply from you, before proceeding, in my turn, to allay your inquisitiveness."

"Place aux dames!" retorted the young man, heartily. "I surrender at discretion. Fire away, fair enemy! discharge your small shot as mercilessly as you please, only leave me breath to—"

"A truce to further parley!" Georgie interrupted, with a melodramatic air. "Time is flying, and so is the 'Python,' seemingly; we shall be 'long shore' before we have given or received mutual satisfaction; to the point, then! Sir, may I inquire whether you designedly, and with malice aforethought, deceived me when you introduced yourself as 'Mr. Hutchinson'?"

The young man flushed hotly, then he laughed; but his embarrassment was palpable.

"I certainly was guiltless of all malice," he answered, lightly; "and I can but reiterate my name is Hutchinson! Have you reason to doubt my veracity, Miss Sinclair?"

"On that count, every reason; for (unless rumour lies) I am creditably informed that your name is Grafton—Lord Grafton, I may add!"

"Yet I was not guilty of an untruth, Miss Sinclair. I swear as much."

"On the honour of a British—nobleman?"

"On the honour of a true Briton and—a gentleman!" he returned, emphatically.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Georgie, clapping her small hands in triumph. "It is all U P! You are betrayed (though not foresworn!), so forthwith make full confession!"

"Run to earth, I see!" muttered the young man, with a scowl; "so I suppose I've no alternative but to throw up the sponge, and declare myself in my true colours, lest you might possibly conclude I had some good (or bad) reason for prolonging what, after all, was but an innocent deception. For my family name is Hutchinson, Miss Sinclair, and until six months ago I was not called upon to answer to any other; by the death of my father, however, in the spring, I found myself metamorphosed into Grafton."

"But why did you not tell me the truth at the onset?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"I scarcely know: perhaps because I was an ass; perhaps because one gets rather sick of going about the world labelled, 'A real, live British lord!' The effect is not unfrequently the same as that produced by, 'This side up—with care!' Folks give a fellow an uncommonly wide berth, and the commonalty treat one as though liable to fracture unless handled with infinite tact. And so—well, surely you can understand that I preferred (for a score of reasons) introducing your humble servant to your notice simply as Fred Hutchinson?"

There was very genuine anxiety in his many tones as he asked this question, bending forward with more eagerness than the occasion seemed to warrant, to read his answer in the girl's eyes. But for one long moment these were averted. Georgie remained unaccountably silent, though she would, perhaps, have found it difficult to analyse the precise source of the emotion which just then held her mute.

"Yes, I understand!" she said, at length, and the low voice, slightly tremulous, seemed to betray some *arrière pensée* which her pale lips repressed.

"And likewise forgive? Say that I am acquitted, Miss Sinclair!"

"Of malicious intent, yes!" she answered, slowly; "of wilful perversion of the truth, no—a thousand times, no!"

"Yet you will not prove implacable—you grant me absolution?"

"Yes! oh, yes!" she answered, somewhat wearily; "and now I think I must go below, and finally interview my tried friend, the stewardess!"

"Stay! our contract is not yet fulfilled! It is now my turn to question, yours to reply. You cannot have forgotten that clause in the agreement, surely?"

Georgie laughed.

"It had slipped my memory for the moment, I must confess. Well, I am bound for school!" This abrupt period was rounded by an involuntary sigh.

"School! I thought as much, though most young ladies of your mature years deem their education concluded. But you are probably bent on improving your French—accent not quite up to the mark, I suppose, or something of the sort?"

The girl nodded. She was gazing fixedly across the wide stream just at that moment, and therefore, perhaps, hazarded no more definite reply.

"And where is your future scholastic retreat situated?" Lord Grafton persisted.

Georgie, still gazing afar, slowly pronounced the desired address.

"But," the young man proceeded, impatiently, "you surely do not mean to waste many months of the very flower of your youth pent up in durance vile? You might have perfected your French at home, or— How long, however, do you purpose remaining under this Madame What's-her-name's maternal care?" he concluded abruptly, some "happy thought" having apparently presented itself suddenly to his mind.

"A-about twelve months," returned Georgie, slowly.

But despite a valiant attempt to speak unconcernedly, her voice sounded forced and strained even to her own ear.

"About a twelvemonth!" echoed his lordship.

"To be accurate, then, you propose quitting madame's establishment the last week in November, 18—! Supposing, therefore, I should happen to find myself in Belgium towards the close of next year (which, by the way, is more than probable), have I your permission to call upon you in the Rue des Capuchins to make inquiries as to your travelling arrangements? For, in the event of your being about to return alone to England, I should venture to crave your acceptance of my escort!"

"Oh, no, no!" was all Miss Sinclair could find voice or energy to reply. "You are very kind, but, indeed—indeed, you must not think of such a thing!"

"But wherefore?" the young man persisted. "I may truly say I shall never in all my life forget the pleasure I have experienced in your society during this henceforth memorable voyage. It would be much to anticipate during the long, dreary year yet ahead if you would permit me to cherish the hope of once more traversing the briny in your 'sweet company.' Moreover," he added, earnestly, "as this tedious journey is *for you*, in any case, compulsory, surely you will do better to accept my offer than to look forward to braving the perils of the deep alone!"

"True! Yet my movements are uncertain, and—and—"

"Ah! do not suppose that I would seek to bind you by any definite promise or agreement! Life for one and all of us is at best uncertain, yet—"

"You must not come!" interrupted Georgie, with sudden vehemence; "indeed, indeed, you must not!"

"You can but refuse to sanction the proceeding," returned Grafton, lightly, "and thus much you have already done in the most remorseless fashion; for the rest, I decline to perjure myself, or imperil the welfare of my immortal soul, so I pledge myself to no rash vow of obedience to your imperious will! For a whole long year I propose to give this matter my most serious reflection; and if my views of life in general, and of travelling in particular, remain immutable, all I can say is, you will not improbably see your humble servant once again!"

As he thus sententially concluded, Lord Grafton doffed his hat with exaggerated courtesy; yet, despite the tone of raillery he had

seen fit to adopt, there was an undercurrent in his voice, and an expression in his eyes, which plainly conveyed that he was just then very much in earnest, and more seriously-minded than he desired to betray.

Feebly at first, then more vehemently, passionately, at length the girl reiterated that "Indeed, indeed, he must not come! She might be dead or married a year hence, and—and—"

"In that case," his lordship supplemented, quietly, "it will be best that I should forthwith acquaint myself with the true particulars of your tragic fate! I make no promise, Miss Sinclair. All I can say is: I most fervently hope and trust that a year hence, at latest, we may meet again!"

And up to the moment when final adieux were spoken, Georgie had succeeded in eliciting nothing more definite from his lordship's lips. The girl parted from her new friend, it must be confessed, with a heavier heart than she cared to admit, when in silence and solitude she took herself severely to task, and would fain have traced the disquietude and ennui which possessed her to its true source. Indeed, it may be that (despite the persistence with which she had insisted Lord Grafton should retract his ill-advised words and yet more reprehensible intent) Georgie Sinclair yet found her only comfort in that still small voice which seemed whispering ever in her ear, as she pursued her journey, sad and solitary, through a foreign land, "Next year, perhaps, you may meet again!"

"Next year! next year!" broke at length passionately from her lips, as the train lumbered heavily through a tunnel, and the girl leaned her head back against the dusty cushions. "Ah! I may be dead ere then! Though, after all, it seems to me I could resign life without regret! Glancing back I can but shudder, whilst looking ahead through the phalanx of advancing days and weeks and months, my heart turns faint with a chill misgiving, for may it not be that the years to come hold more bitterness than even the vanished past?"

Morbid reflections these to haunt the mind of "sweet seventeen," yet Georgie Sinclair had graduated in adversity's rigorous school; the lessons she had learnt from life's crumpled page had been cruel enough withal; small wonder, then, that she regarded future experience as a still sterner task-master, whose grim hand might possibly deal out for her yet harder blows than those under whose memory she yet writhed!

The pity of it, that there was no kindly voice to whisper in her ear:

"Courage, sad heart, and cease repining! Behind the clouds is the sun still brightly shining! Youth need know no fear!"

## CHAPTER V.

### HER BITTER PORTION.

SHE was sobbing bitterly—bitterly, her white face buried in both hands, her slender frame shaken by the inward tempest which convulsed her, indignation, rage, despair, just then struggling for supremacy.

The scene was a cheerless and deserted school-room looking out into a silent courtyard in Brussels. The hour was surely the dreariest of all the twenty-four, for twilight shadows were merging into evening gloom, and in a land where cheerful blazing fires or flickering flames are joys unknown, the decline of day is invested with terrors which happy Britons "who stay at home at ease" may at best but vaguely realize.

A tall, masculine-visaged, Belgian woman stood with folded arms placidly regarding the speechless discomfiture of her younger companion.

"Mees Sinclair" (she at length broke silence), "you are but losing time, and you have little or none to spare. Before noon to-morrow it will be necessary for you to take your departure, and you have of necessity all your preparations yet to make; be advised by me, therefore, and—"

"Madame, madame!" interrupted the weep-

ing girl, clasping her hands entreatingly, and gazing up with piteous, streaming eyes into the stern features confronting her, "be merciful! Rescind your cruel decree, and my whole future life shall be one long effort to prove my sense of gratitude!"

Madame Dudent shook her head with an inexorable air.

"Impossible, chère mees! The professor declares he will never again cross this threshold whilst you remain beneath this roof. I have no choice, therefore, but to beg you will at once take your departure. The prosperity of my 'pension' is in the professor's hands. If I offend him, I may as well close my doors at once; and what can a poor lone woman do?" she concluded, pathetically, elevating brows and shoulders simultaneously.

"But I—I have explained to you the real circumstances of the case, madame!" sobbed the girl, passionately, roused at length to righteous indignation, and no longer a mere weeping penitent. "The professor has persecuted me with his infamous attentions since the first moment of my entrance here; and—and I suppose even the 'prosperity' of your school does not demand that an English girl must needs submit uncomplainingly to—to the insolent embraces of—a married man? It is quite true I boxed his ears, and—and in truth I would do the same again to-morrow!" she concluded, hotly, "if he dared to attempt to kiss me again!"

"And precisely in order to guard against the dangerous possibility of any such recurrence," returned madame, calmly, "you will, upon reflection, agree with me, chère mees, that the sooner you withdraw from my establishment the better. We are not accustomed to scenes of violent altercation between professors here, and after this morning's painful episode my course is clear. Your insular prejudices," she continued, smiling coldly, "are at war with our notions of the proprieties and—"

"The 'proprieties,' indeed!" echoed Georgie, fiercely. "Propriety is a word which foreigners are utterly incapable of understanding, and—"

Madame waved her hand (not altogether soilless, for the day was far advanced, and there was hands in which the natives make acquaintance with soap and water at most but once a day).

"We need not prolong the discussion, mees; you quite understand, I hope, that my decision is final!"

"But whither can I go at a moment's notice?" cried the girl, clasping her hands despairingly, indignation exploding in the presence of despair. "I, who have no money, no friends—"

"Return to Liège," suggested madame.

"Madame Becque, in whose establishment you were pupil teacher for more than eleven months, will surely receive you for a while, and aid you to seek employment. You have been here scarcely three weeks. Your claim upon my consideration and hospitality is consequently infinitesimal!"

Georgie shook her head, whilst the scalding tears continued to course down her cheeks.

"Madame Becque and I parted in—in—"

"Ah, yes! I recollect;" and Madame Dudent's thin lips parted in a cynical smile. "Madame Becque was justly displeased with you, in that you well-nigh insisted on obtaining your release from the 'pension' three weeks before the just term of your engagement had expired. You undertook the duties of junior English teacher for twelve months without salary, in return for board, lodging and lessons in various branches of study—eh, bien?"

"There were reasons—valid reasons," interrupted Georgie, hotly, "why I begged madame to cancel the last few weeks of my engagement. Of course, had she insisted, I must have remained, but as it was—"

"But 'as it was' so 'it is'!" supplemented her present employer, ironically, "and 'will be' to the end, it seems to me, for you appear destined to leave each engagement under circumstances more or less regrettable. Without doubt, however, you must be the best judge of your own affairs. I have only to say that after

midday to-morrow I cannot permit of your remaining here!"

Then, with a visage stony as Medusa's, the inexorable Madame Dudent withdrew, and Georgie fell upon her knees before the cold black stove, and raising her hands impotently towards high heaven, cried aloud in an agony of absolute despair that the bitterness of her portion was more than she could endure.

But echo alone mocked her anguish. Help from above, or around, there was none! Where, then, should she seek it? the friendless girl asked of her stricken heart—that heart which throbbed to suffocation for some long moments ere it lay at length heavy as lead and marble cold within her palpitating breast.

Poor lonely, home-sick little teacher! stranded on the bleak, desolate shores of Madame Dudent's "Establishment."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

"SHE, dear, I have two sovereigns and some odd shillings. It is all yours! No, not as a gift, but as a loan, if you prefer it! In any case, take it, and act on my advice. Go back to Liège by the midday train to-morrow, tell Madame Becque the whole truth, and depend upon it she will afford you shelter till you meet with another 'place'; or perhaps (who knows?) be jolly glad to give you a fair salary and re-instate you in your former position in her own school!"

The speaker was a dark-haired, bright-eyed English girl who had cemented a warm friendship with the sad young teacher almost from the first moment of Georgie's transference to her present quarters, and who was now seated on the edge of Miss Sinclair's bed in the long, dreary dormitory where she had been aiding the unhappy girl to "pack" and arrange her scanty effects with a view to the morrow's exodus.

After long hours of argument and consultation, Georgie had no choice but to accept at once the generous offer and sage advice of her friend and counsellor; yet it was, indeed, with a heavy heart and sad misgivings that she ultimately decided to retrace her steps to Liège and seek a haven once again in the scholastic establishment she had quitted but a few weeks previously.

"But who knows?" cried Amy Rosseter, with a sudden burst of inspiration. "There may be more flowers or bonbons awaiting you from the usual anonymous source—if, indeed, *she* may not ere this have put in an appearance on the scene (as he threatened) in propria persona! To tell the truth, Georgie, I have not much patience with you on this score. I cannot understand why, if as you say, your interest is still lively in that most delightful of fellow-travellers, you should have taken such fatally effective precaution to elude him, should he, indeed, repair to Liège and Madame Becque's in search of your most undeserving self!"

"Have I not told you, Amy, that he at length confessed himself a lord—a real, live, English lord? I would have you ponder well the true significance of those words," Georgie retorted, warmly, whilst a tell-tale colour mounted to her pale cheek. "A British peer and a poor, wretched pupil-teacher—did Fate ever chance to throw together a more incongruous pair?"

"He did not seem to me any fatal incompatibility between the two, nevertheless and notwithstanding!" returned Miss Rosseter, maliciously, "and surely he is the best judge of—"

"Amy! I have not yet made full confession of the humiliating truth. Lord Grafton is still ignorant of the ignominious position I occupied at Madame Becque's. I'm ashamed to admit that I—I allowed him to assume that—that it was in order to complete my studies I was taking up my residence for a twelvemonth in a continental school. I don't remember that I was guilty of absolute untruth, yet surely a direct evasion of facts amounts to pretty much



the same thing! I lacked courage (how I hate myself for such paltriness, as I glance back!) to make a clean breast of it. I told him my father had been unfortunate in business, and that I—I was consequently dispirited and unhappy; that, and much more—but I did not, could not, tell this singularly kind friend (this English nobleman!) that the girl he had so signally and unaccountably distinguished was doomed to earn her bread in the degrading capacity of pupil-teacher in a foreign school! It was wrong, foolish, unworthy—what you will! yet, indeed, I could not speak the hateful words. I struggled more than once to give them voice, but strength failed me, and they expired unspoken on my lips! Ah! you are shocked, amazed—I can see it in your eyes! But don't utterly condemn me, Amy. Remember, I never for one moment contemplated the possibility of—of his bestowing a thought on me once we had said good-bye. Why, therefore, should I take this stranger, whom I might never see again, into my confidence, I argued mentally? Once I was settled at Madame Becque's, however, and—anonymous floral offerings (respecting which I have already made confession) began to arrive from time to time, why, then, I perceived all too clearly (for in truth I know not whether the assurances gave me more of joy or pain!) that my fellow-traveller had not forgotten me, and in all probability might—might even—

"Might even come in search of you in propria persona, ere the twelvemonth had expired," finished Miss Rossiter, decisively, seeing that her companion hesitated, whilst the vivid colour mounted to her cheeks and great tears gathered in her eyes; "in which case I should say you would have every reason to esteem yourself the most fortunate of your sex, whilst humanity at large—"

"Amy!" interrupted the elder girl, almost passionately, covering her face with both white trembling hands, and rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards as she spoke, "Amy! do you not see the absolute horror of—of the situation? Had he, indeed, appeared as I hoped, as I feared, nay, as I felt assured, he would," she went on, raising her head proudly, and looking full into her companion's eyes; "only to discover that the girl to whose memory he had been faithful for a whole long year was utterly unworthy of his friendship and esteem, much less of—of his love! For some intuitive consciousness whispers, Amy, that this gallant English nobleman has actually bestowed upon me something warmer than mere regard. Why, otherwise, should he have taken infinite trouble to furnish me with such constant and tangible reminders of his existence, from time to time? Imagine, then (had I remained at Madame Becque's), his probably arriving at the specified time to discover that—that the girl who had so strangely captivated and riveted his fancy had practised upon him a base deception, in that she had allowed him to assume her social position was other than in truth it was, that the barrier between them was less insuperable than it is; in short, that he, a peer of the realm, had been deluded into cherishing the remembrance of a miserable pupil-teacher—a salaried menial—a being infinitely degraded and less fortunate than an honest, English servant! It was to avoid any such humiliating possibility that I fled (well-nigh in disgrace) from the asylum which had sheltered me so long; for even Madame Becque's life-long resentment and animosity might be sooner borne, it seemed to me, than the hateful dénouement I so dreaded!"

"Pooh!" asserted Amy, loftily. "I think far better of his lordship than you are pleased to do! He loves you, that is evident, and, loving you, would not have overwhelmed you with invective and reproach (as you so readily conclude), had he even discovered your real rank in life. However, it is useless discussing all that now. You chose to fly, when, at all costs, you should have remained; in which case, who knows? ere now your life-long fate might have been decided, either for weal or woe! It is, however, futile to dwell upon 'what might have been' at the present crisis of affairs. The danger (if

danger it were!) is past. Lord Grafton has either already put in an appearance at Madame B.'s and learnt the truth respecting you, or you alarmed yourself unnecessarily and his constancy has not survived the ordeal of a whole long year. In either case, he is no longer an obstacle in your path, for the appointed date is past, and if he has not already visited, and departed in peace, in due course, from your late quarters, rest assured he will not trouble himself further on your account; so you may return to Liège and seek Madame Becque's assistance and advice undeterred by any hopes or fears in connection with your aristocratic admirer!"

Georgie was fain to admit the justice of her sage young friend's observations, yet it was with a heavy heart and strange forebodings of impending evil that she shook the dust of Madame Dudent's establishment from off her feet the following evening and repaired—solitary, sad, and weary—to the vast, busy, bustling railway station; there (with the money borrowed from her young compatriot) to book a place in a third-class carriage for Liège, where a doubtful reception, at best, awaited her.

Poor child! small wonder, her great, dark eyes were liquid with unshed tears, whilst her tremulous lips, cheeks, and brow were white as the driven snow. An anguish and dread too deep for words (had there even been a friendly confidante at hand) just then internally convulsed her, but around were none save callous strangers—dark-browed, insolent foreigners before, behind, on either side, who jostled the shabby young Englishwoman heedlessly, or stared with cool impertinence beneath the brim of her well-worn felt hat. She felt terribly alone in that loud-voiced, gesticulating throng, some rushing this way, others that, in haste to catch cabs, relatives, or their respective trains. Georgie involuntarily shuddered as she paused one moment on the crowded platform; a bitter sense of isolation surged about her heart for a long breathing-space, leaving her cold and stunned and reckless. Naught, she reflected vaguely, mattered in a cruel, callous world where one was utterly alone!

Forgive her, reader! compassionate her! The battle of life was fierce for one whose summers were scarce eighteen!

## CHAPTER VII.

### FOUND.

"Is it—is it possible?" she gasped, gazing, wide-eyed, pallid, tremulous, up into his face.

"More—it is a fact! and as ocular demonstration apparently proves insufficient, why then, let this—and this—carry conviction and a sense of certainty into the deepest depths of your incredulous heart!" and as he spoke the young man, who grasped both Georgie's cold hands in his, as in a vice, suddenly bent his head, and there, beneath the rays of a flickering, glaring gas-light, surrounded by a mob of bearded, gaping foreigners, this stalwart, audacious Englishman pressed his moustached lips—once, twice, thrice—to those of the trembling girl.

"Lord Grafton! How—how dare you?" "A man dares much, chère amie, believe me," he responded, with a smile infinitely tender, "when that for which he has yearned for a whole long year is within his reach at last. Oh! Georgie, it is useless struggling to be dignified, still less indignant, for I know—I know, dear girl, you are not indifferent to me, or you would not have fled from Madame Becque's to avoid a rencontre with one who—who loves you better than life itself! Ah! I am abrupt, no doubt?" he went on, eagerly, seeing the startled light dawn in the girl's great eyes, as he passed his strong arm about her, and led her, passive as a child, within the doors of a vast deserted waiting-room, where they sank down together, side by side, on a dusty, frowsy, crimson couch; "but having, perforce, lost a whole twelvemonth's happiness, one becomes impatient of a single moment's further waste of bliss, so I must tell

you at once, that I went in search of you to Liège, and—"

"And heard the truth?" she faltered, glancing up askance into his face.

"The whole, whole truth, dearest," he responded, fervently, "and, moreover, read between the lines! so explanations between us are unnecessary, Georgie. I understand fully all that you would say—all that twelvemonths ago you left unsaid; and I came bustling off from good Mother Becque's to see you at Madame Dudent's. Yet, to think how nearly I missed you after all! Egad! if I'd turned out at the first door instead of the second, and thus avoided stumbling up against you, I should have been deposited at headquarters, it seems to me, only in time to learn that you had gone, and thus eluded me once more! But, thank Heaven! I have caught my little bird at last, and, Georgie—Bah! don't talk to me of the danger of missing your train! I shall not set you free until—until you have given me one word of hope! Look up into my eyes, love, and let me read my life-long sentence in your own! Georgie, can you learn to love me? For not until you love me dare I ask whether my constancy may hope for the rich reward of your promise to be my wife!"

"Oh, Lord Grafton!" was all she could find voice to whisper (yet, happily, her eyes were eloquent just then), "is it possible that you can mean this? that you can forgive me for—for the deception that I practised?"

"No!" the young man answered, fervently, as he bent his lips near her ear. "For if you had told me the truth—the whole truth, twelvemonth ago, the probabilities are we need not have wasted a long, interminable year! I thought you were a school-girl, and that I had, consequently, scarcely the moral right to make love to you; moreover, I wanted to try my own heart, for I fancied so sudden an infatuation might pass away, like many a former caprice. When I found, however, that absence, on the contrary, but made my love for you grow stronger, I determined to endure the year's probation, then seek you, and if you gave me hope, refer the matter to your 'papa' in the orthodox style, in due course. Had you been quite, quite candid with me, dearest, I should have read the riddle of my own heart aright long since, for it was only when I heard the truth from Madame Becque's withered lips that I truly estimated the depth and fervour of my love! The horror, the anguish, the impotent despair, which seized me when I reflected upon the possible trials of your position—alone, among strangers in a foreign land!—at once convinced me that I need no longer doubt or ponder, for my only chance of happiness, I realized forcibly, lay in the hope that you would promise to share my future life. Georgie! it was to tell you this I took train at once. Let me have my answer from your own lips, here—now, without another minute's delay! Remember, I have already endured a year's unnecessary and interminable suspense! If my calculation be correct, one year to-day we parted on board the good ship 'Python!'"

It was the solitary reproach which ever passed Lord Grafton's lips, and Georgie Sinclair pardoned it. Her exact reply need not be recorded here. I will content myself by saying that at the present moment no happier woman, no prouder wife, could well be found throughout the length and breadth of England, than Georgina, Lady Grafton, who reigns at her husband's seat, Grafton Towers, loving and beloved.

This fortunate pair never fail to take an annual trip abroad, but surely it is strange, as many aristocratic "friends" observe, that they invariably visit a spot so unattractive as Liège—for the ordinary British tourist finds but little charm in the "Birmingham of Belgium" (as the local guide book hath it!), though Lord and Lady Grafton smilingly vow "it is a most delightful spot—rich in associations and historic memoirs."

Few are bold enough to contest this point, for all the world knows the great necromancer, Sir Walter Scott, laid the scene of his famous fiction, "Quentin Durward," in the neighbourhood of Liège.



["THERE STANDS THE MAN WHO SAVED MY HONOUR!"]

## HER MORE THAN BROTHER.

By the AUTHOR of "FOR LOVE—OR GOLD?"  
ETC., ETC.

(COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.)

### CHAPTER I.

A SPLENDID, star-lit sky; the evening breeze, perfumed with the scent of southern flowers, gently fanning the leaves of the magnificent creeper which entirely covers the verandah where two men, in cane lounging-chairs, are deep in conversation and cigars.

They are very nearly of the same age, these two, though the snowy locks and withered, shrivelled features of Mr. Lestrangle make him look much older than his friend and neighbour, Colonel Oldham.

They are both proprietors of considerable estates in land, and almost equally valuable property in the shape of human "stock," alias slaves—for we write of a period prior to the American war and the emancipation of the negro from the iniquitous bondage of centuries.

They are neither of them remarkable for any extraordinary degree of severity towards their bondsmen and bondswomen. On the contrary,

flogging is almost unheard of on their plantations, and they are personally regarded with far less fear than is inspired by their respective overseers, who rule with despotic sway in their own departments. But here, as elsewhere, the axiom holds good, "Like master, like man;" and there is, on the whole, as little harshness practised towards the unhappy creatures to whose evil lot it has fallen to be born to servitude as is compatible with the vile system under whose shadow they exist.

Mr. Lestrangle would, without doubt, be capable of well-nigh any villainy where a "nigger" was concerned, for he is naturally of a cruel, relentless disposition, were it not for the counterbalancing vice, which in him outweighs all others—avarice. He is fully alive to the importance of the fact that happy niggers are far more productive than unhappy ones; and to this belief, rather than to any kindly feeling or commiseration on his part, do they owe their immunity from positive cruelty. He lives for gold. It is his darling idol; day and night his one thought is how he may add to his wealth. It is impossible to say what he would not do to increase it in the least.

Colonel Oldham, on the other hand, is prevented by his supine indifference to the claims of humanity, and his lazy, sensual indulgence of his own passions and inclinations—which makes him averse to anything like trouble, which would most assuredly be the result, he argues, of a too tight rein—from allowing anything approaching thereto within his jurisdic-

tion. He is a widower of about fifty—coarse, swarthy, and deeply pitted with the small-pox, which does not add to his beauty; and is the father of one son, Anthony, a youth who, happily for himself, is the antipodes of his parent in every respect, moral as well as physical.

Of him Mr. Lestrangle is speaking.

"How about Anthony? Have you forgotten him in this matter?"

"Not at all, my friend. I know very well he has somewhat of a penchant for the girl, but it is only a boyish fancy which will die out after a year or two's travel; and even if it do not, I have other views for him which I hardly think he will disappoint at the cost of disinheritance."

"Is this why you are sending him away—that he may lose his liking for Belle?"

"Principally. I want him to learn how his marriage with a quadroon would be regarded by the world at large—what a fatal mistake it would be for one possessed of his social advantages."

"And yet you would wed her yourself! You are incomprehensible!"

"Not so, my dear fellow. I have done with the world; Anthony is only commencing it. I have no ambitious hopes for myself; for Anthony, I have. He has talent and ability, which, properly directed, may lead him to the presidential chair, for aught I know. He shall not handicap himself so heavily as to make his entering for any of the great prizes of life an empty farce. A slave-wife would overweight him altogether."

"She can be manumitted."

"Humph! Much good that would do him! Who would forget her origin? No, no, Lestrangle. Make up your mind to the fact. Anthony shall never have a dollar from me if he marries without my consent, and he will never get that in favour of any but a pure white woman."

Mr. Lestrangle smokes in thoughtful silence for a brief space.

"And you are willing to put down twenty thousand dollars for her yourself? It is a fancy price, is it not?" his eyes glistening with the "greed of gold," and his hands working nervously as if they already fingered the price of his daughter's sacrifice.

Yes, the girl spoken of was his own and only daughter, born of a slave mother, and therefore also a slave, whom he, her father, was at liberty to sell as he might any other chattel belonging to him. Oh! vile, accursed laws, that permitted such detestable wickedness and fostered such base, unnatural depravity!

The colonel laughs wickedly.

"Yes, it is high; but then, you see" (a horrible expression in his bleared eyes), "it is such an uncommon fancy article!"

"Eh? Well, it is your own affair. I suppose it must be as you wish. Of course, you'll get rid of young Tony first; and you'll treat her kindly when you do get her, won't you?" he asks, as they rise simultaneously to part for the night.

"Never fear, my boy. I'll treat her like a princess, once she's in my charge. I'll make her forget her boy-lover in less than no time. It will come all right, you'll see. Good night."

Waiting till the coast is thoroughly clear, a girl creeps from out the thick bushes of evergreens growing to the right, and darting up the steps, disappears within the house. From the momentary glimpse we obtain of her, we perceive that she is womanly in figure, and exceptionally beautiful, with a dark, Creole beauty, in face and form.

Following her to her room, we find her standing by her window, her hands clenched to pain, her breath coming and going in quick gasps, while the slender nostrils dilate and contract with each inspiration as do those of a stag at bay. There is a look of wild fear, too, in the great black orbs, blacker than ever in their misery; and the crimson flush, usually so brilliant on the soft, downy cheek, has died out, leaving her ghastly pale.

Poor child! Barely fifteen years of age is she, though she appears older, at this crisis of her fate; and to herself and to the God who made



her must she look for deliverance from the peril that threatens her. Dimly in the confusion of her mental powers she recognizes this truth, and with a tearless sob she flings herself upon her knees beside the little white bed, and buries her face in the pillow.

But the minutes are flying, and she knows how all important they are. Something must be done, and that immediately. Sitting up, she forces herself to think out a plan of action, but it is not an easy task. Her thoughts will revert to the past, instead of concentrating themselves on the present. She goes over and over again her happy childhood, remembers herself the petted, wilful darling of the household, brought up in every luxury, and with every educational and social advantage bestowed upon her that the daughter of Mr. Lestrange could possibly desire, and trained in every way to regard herself as his daughter. Is it wonderful that she should have lost sight of the real facts of the case in her surroundings? Is it wonderful that the conversation accidentally overheard to-night should have come to her like a thunder-clap in a serene and smiling summer sky—paralyzing her every energy for the while by its suddenness and strangeness?

She has never before been face to face with the stern truth that she is a slave just as much as any black-skinned, curly-pated "hand" on the estate—has never before realized what slavery really means to those of her race. Now she knows only too well, and her overmastering determination is to escape therefrom, but coupled therewith is the remembrance of all she must leave behind: her boy-lover, whom she loves so deeply, so passionately, and whom she knows loves her equally well—her home and friends—her father, whom she is as yet too bewildered to hate—her poor fellow-servants, who will miss her so when she is gone. But she must go, nevertheless, even if she perishes in the attempt. Better death a thousand times than be the wife, the slave, of such a man as Colonel Oldham! The question is only how to go?

Pressing her hands over her burning eyeballs, as though to stay their throbbing, she ponders the question anxiously, and ere many moments have elapsed appears to have evolved some plan of action, for, rising, she hastily flings together in a small bag a few requisites in the shape of underlinen and toilet necessities, changes her thin evening dress for a stout, serviceable linen one, and a pair of thick boots; wraps herself in a thick shawl to protect her from the heavy night dews; and, the house being now sunk in silence and slumber, steps cautiously out of her room and down the staircase, until she finally emerges from the back of the house, and walks steadily away in the direction of the river, where the huts of some of the field hands are faintly visible in the midnight gloom.

There are dogs about—massive, powerful beasts, who could kill the most robust negro of them all, but they know and love her too well to even growl as her light footstep passes them. On she goes till she reaches a hut isolated somewhat from the rest, and with a glimmer of light perceptible beneath its rude door, which goes out, however, when the occupant hears the sound—slight as it is—of leaves rustling beneath her tread.

Giving a peculiar knock with her knuckles on the door, it is instantly opened by a tall, fine-looking negro, who holds up his hand in mute horror at her apparition.

"La, sakes! Miss Belle, what brings ye here this time o' night?" he whispers, drawing her within the shelter of his cabin from any prying eyes that may be about.

"Listen, Caleb!" she returns, in the same subdued tone; and rapidly detailing the events of the evening, ends with a declaration of her intention to try and reach the Northern States, where slavery no longer existed, and from thence push on to English territory, where she would at once be considered free.

The other listened in absolute silence, never once interrupting her with the exclamations many and varied to which his race are so prone, and with an absorbed glance which revealed how deeply attached he was to his young mistress,

and how greatly he sympathized with her in her distress. A look of hate gleamed dangerously in his eyes when she spoke of Oldham's purpose in buying her, and told of lurking possibilities in his untrained nature which augured badly for those who might chance to incur his animosity. But, on the other hand, it was also true that his devotion to those he loved was measureless, and would be poured out without stint, even to his heart's best blood, and without hope of reward.

He shakes his head when she tells him her plan of escape, and vetoes it immediately.

"No, no, Miss Belle; they'd have ye in no time. Theer sich critters to 'speat a runaway. Ye'd never 'scape that way—never!"

"What am I to do, then? I'll never go back again! I should deserve the worst that could befall if I did!" she cries, passionately.

"Jist ye hear tell to this, Miss Belle," he rejoins, soothingly. "Ye know ye can trust Caleb to help ye all he knows. Ain't he yer brother in a sense, and ain't he ready to die this minnit if 't would save a hair on yer head from harm?" and he stoops and kisses the hem of her dress, tears rolling down his rugged cheeks the while.

A whispered colloquy ensues, which ends in their starting off together in the direction of the high road; walking rapidly, yet cautiously in spite of their haste, lest they should rouse unwelcome attention to their movements. The moon has risen, and serves to light them on their way, compensating thereby for the additional risk they undergo of being seen. Luckily, the place is well wooded, and they are able to keep within the shadow of the thick belt of trees which separates the Oldham estate from theirs. Catching sight of the house where her lover sleeps in a break in the dense foliage, Belle involuntarily stops.

"He must never know!" she cries, impulsively. "Let him think me dead, if possible, for I shall be dead to him. Never will I marry him to ruin his prospects, his whole life. Remember, Caleb, he is never to know from you where I am, or why I went. He would seek me out, he would persuade me to be his wife in defiance of everything—but I should be wretched if I did, for I should ever be reproaching myself with the blighting of his hopes and aims. I know now what it would cost him. God forbid I should take advantage of his love!"

With a yearning look she clasps her outstretched hands, and prays that he may be blessed; then, turning to the negro at her side, she says, impressively:

"Swear to me that he shall never be told by you where I am, or why I went. I shall be as dead to him. Let him respect his father while he may."

"I swear!" is the solemn reply; then they resume their journey.

Three hours later the negro creeps back alone by the way they had come, a strange, a startling expression on his black face—an expression puzzling to the beholder, and difficult to describe—an expression of triumph commingled with—what? Is it guilt?

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is great consternation in the Lestrange ménage when it is known next morning that Belle is missing, and all are utterly unable to account for it. If one of the field hands had gone they might have suspected him of running away, but that she, the petted daughter of the master, who would probably become the wife of young Mr. Oldham, should have taken it into her head to do such a thing, was beyond comprehension or belief. Why should she? She was free to all intents and purposes—what more could she desire?

Knowing nothing of the vile treachery intended her by her own father, it was but natural that the households of both Mr. Lestrange and Colonel Oldham should regard it as impossible that she could have attempted anything so dangerous, if not hopeless; and, as naturally, neither of the two who were implicated in the scheme against her liberty and happiness said

one word which threw any light on the step she had taken. To do them justice, they knew not what to think themselves. They had no reason to imagine that they had been overheard, for Belle was supposed to have been at Colonel Oldham's at the time it took place. That she had returned earlier than was expected did not transpire. It was consequently as much a mystery to them as to others.

The Oldhams, father and son, had been sent for as soon as her absence became an established fact; and the young man, Anthony, was very quick to arrive at a conclusion which apparently satisfied him.

"This is a case of abduction," he declared. "Heaven grant it may prove no worse, and that we may be able to discover the miscreants who have carried her off ere worse happen to her!"

"Nonsense, boy! What should give rise to such an idea? There is no ground whatever for it. Who would do such a thing? She was too young to have attracted much attention—"

"Belle is very young, but she is a woman in appearance, sir. Quite old enough to attract the attention of a man who was determined on revenge. You are forgetting poor Lydia South, and there have been others like her, who have paid the debt of their husband's, brother's, father's licentiousness, where black women are concerned, with their outraged honour and lives."

"I forget nothing of the kind. But there is no reason in this instance for thinking that Belle was a probable object on which any man's revenge would be wreaked. So far as I am concerned, that is."

Young Oldham coughs significantly, but remains silent.

"However," goes on old Lestrange, "if you have any cause to think differently, speak out. Whom do your suspicions point to?"

"To her foster-brother, Caleb," is the reply, with a marked avoidance of his father's glance, his face crimsoning with honest shame for the parent who has so little for himself that he sits with a cynical smile compressing his coarse, vicious mouth—highly amused, if the truth be told, at this display of ingenuous embarrassment on the part of his son, in no whit nonplussed or confused thereby, notwithstanding his knowledge of the truth of the story at which the youth can only guess.

"Oh! you mean that old affair of his sister Ruth, and some white fellow who carried her off from her husband, and then sold him, to keep things quiet. Yes, she was a pretty creature, and Caleb was very fond of her, and felt it deeply when she died of grief. But what has that to do with Belle?" asks Mr. Lestrange, who is deficient in memory in aught but money matters—those he remembers to the utmost farthing. "Why, it must be ten years ago, at the very least. Whew!" giving vent to a low whistle, as he catches sight of the other's expression, "is that how the wind blows? I remember, now. Of course, of course—I see it all. Very likely you are right," and he drums on the table with his claw-like finger-nails.

There is silence for some seconds, broken by Belle's father at length.

"Well, Anthony, what do you propose doing? We must look to you in this. Will you have Caleb in, and question him? Really, do you know I can't believe he would do such a thing as harm a hair of her head. I should say he was devoted to Belle."

"I know that he loves her," is the emphatic answer; "and therefore I suspect him. If he could gratify at once his passion and his revenge, do you think a nigger would hesitate? Let him be called."

Standing before his master and his guests, Caleb is interrogated as to his own movements, and his knowledge of those of Belle on the previous night, his replies being satisfactory as far as they go, which, however, is not very far, as he simply denies having seen her all day and up to the retiring hour of the hands. By some accident, the questions are so framed that he can reply with perfect truth, and yet avoid implicating himself; and he has, at last, to be

dismissed without anything material to the issue being elicited from him.

A search-party is next organized, in which Caleb is ordered to join, and for several days the country is scoured for miles in all directions, without discovering, however, the faintest trace of the missing girl. They talk of getting bloodhounds to assist them in the search, but the day before they arrive it is brought to a summary conclusion by the discovery of a body in the river—the body of a woman, evidently young, who has been as evidently foully murdered. It is impossible to identify the corpse, for, in addition to the swollen and bloated state of the features due to the action of the water, they have been shockingly mutilated; but, gazing down on that sickening object, loathsome to every sense and feeling, Anthony Oldham has no doubt in his own mind that it is all that remains to him of his beautiful Belle; neither has he any doubt as to the hand nor the cause that has wrought the deed. "The sins of the fathers are indeed visited upon their children," he reflects, as the sad procession wends its way to the house.

Convinced though he is in his own mind of Caleb's guilt, there is nothing discovered to establish in any way his connection with the crime. The clothes worn by the deceased woman, rotted and discoloured by the slimy ooze in which the body has been lying, are useless for purposes of identification. They are such as would be worn by Miss Lestrangle in quality and fashion, and that is all that can be said about them. There is no evidence of a struggle on the river bank where the discovery takes place; but, of course, she might have been thrown in much higher up the stream, and washed down. Caleb's cabin and clothes are examined, and he is again subjected to severe cross-questioning; this time with more success, for on certain points he is obstinately silent, confirming thereby Anthony's theory of his participation in the mystery of Belle's fate.

Believing that a murderer always leaves some clue behind by which to trace him, provided it be diligently sought, Anthony determines one morning, a day or two later, to examine every inch of the ground in the immediate vicinity for himself, feeling certain that nothing will escape his determination to penetrate to the heart of the mystery, no matter how trifling it may appear.

Accordingly, accompanied by his faithful valet and his father's overseer, he sets out for the place, and institutes a most rigorous search, which results in a small find—the heel of a man's boot, embedded in the bog-like mud of the bank, which still retains the perfect impression of the foot from which the heel has been parted.

It proves to belong, as Anthony expects, to Caleb; and though he declares it to have been lost on the day the corpse was taken from the river, he is believed by none, and, but for Mr. Lestrangle's avaricious nature, would be brought to the gallows forthwith. As it is, he escapes that fate by the skin of his teeth, his master asserting that there is not proof enough of his guilt to merit that punishment—the real truth being that he objects to losing a valuable piece of property merely to satisfy justice, which he considers will be amply propitiated by the administration of a sound flogging, which is accordingly ordered to be done.

It must be remembered that for the trying and sentencing of a negro in those days it wanted no elaborate and costly ceremonial of law-courts and usages. The whole process lay in the power of one individual, the owner of the accused, who was answerable to none for his treatment of the unhappy wight who chanced to be in his power. It took, therefore, but a few minutes to settle Caleb's fate, and but a few moments more to tie him up to the dreaded triangle, his back bared for the cruel lash.

Maddened by the long agony of doubt and dread he had undergone since Belle had disappeared, Anthony Oldham seemed for the time to have changed natures with some wild beast, so eagerly did he appear to desire the torture of the poor wretch who stood bound before him. And yet,

now that the actual moment had come for the execution of the sentence against him, his heart misgave him for the first time in the matter. There was a calm dignity about the African's whole bearing, a quiet consciousness of secret power, an utter scorn of the paraphernalia of torture and suffering, which impressed his enemy, in spite of his belief in his guilt, and made him pause and ask himself if he were really a murderer or no.

"Why does he not clear himself, if he be innocent? Why should he adopt so suicidal a policy as silence if he has had no hand in her death?" he asks himself, impatiently, as the merciful impulse steals over him. For Caleb, from the time he made his first statement as to the heel of his boot having come off when they found the body, has refused to open his lips on the subject, especially when he finds that there is a universal belief in the dead woman's being Belle Lestrangle.

He, Anthony, is but a youth, be it remembered, and youth is oftentimes hasty and cruel. He has loved, too, and knows with love's intuition how the negro has envied him the possession of a love which could never be his—hungor and thirst for it though he might; and, unacknowledged even to himself, yet deeply seated, is a feeling of annoyance, unworthy of his better nature, that this should be so. He could forgive the other had he hated Belle; he cannot forgive him for daring to love.

Striding up to Caleb, he whispers fiercely in his ear:

"Will you speak now, and save your skin? Tell me—who is the dead woman? I am convinced you know."

Caleb neither moves nor speaks.

"Once more, I ask you, will you save yourself this flogging? I can and will save you if you will tell me this one thing. Is it Belle?"

Caleb's eyes rest pathetically on the other's distressed features, and for a moment they gaze at each other thus; then a faint, wan smile creeps to the corners of his mouth, a smile which Anthony does not understand, but which maddens and inflames his passions horribly, strangely. Beside himself with fury, he lifts the riding-whip he carries and strikes Caleb across the face with it, a crashing, frightful blow which will leave its mark for life.

"Take that, you bound, and carry it to your grave! for, by Heaven! I believe it is Belle, and that you are her murderer!"

And then the cruel lash is laid on thick and fast, until it has done its awful work; and the poor, writhing, bleeding, helpless, human form, so full of animal life and spirits but one short hour previous, is borne, more dead than alive, to the miserable dwelling he calls his own, and there—deserted even by his fellows, who have imbibed the prejudice of their superiors, and look upon him as Belle's murderer—battles out the lingering agony of the struggle between life and death.

### CHAPTER III.

YEARS have passed since Belle Lestrangle disappeared, and her foster-brother, Caleb, was flogged for her murder; and in their flight they have brought many and great changes, but none greater, assuredly, than the abolition of slavery. Thank God, heartily, that it is a thing of the past, that no longer does a nation groan under its cruel yoke, unparalleled in the history of the ages, save once, when the Egyptians made the chosen race to "serve with rigour" and rendered their lives "bitter with hard bondage." No longer is there a legalized traffic in human souls and bodies. No longer is it possible for the negro to be torn from home and family at the will of the white man. No longer is he regarded with less concern than the brutes that perish, for at last he walks the earth a free man.

It is the season in Paris, and the great world is on tiptoe with excitement ament the new actress who has taken the town by storm, and the theatre where she is appearing is crowded nightly to suffocation, seats having to be booked

some time in advance. She is the one theme of conversation. Go where one will, one hears nothing else but eulogies of her dramatic powers, her beauty, her character, or speculations as to her origin and country, of which nothing definite is known.

"They do say that she is from your part of the world, mon ami," says an undersized, volatile, little Frenchman to his neighbour, as they sit waiting for the curtain to go up in "Phédre," her great part, in which she rivals Rachel herself.

"Indeed, I shall be glad to claim her for a compatriot, if all be true I hear of her."

The Frenchman shrugs his shoulders characteristically.

"Cela dépend! There is more than a suspicion of the tar-brush, remember. It is quite possible she was born a slave!"

"You interest me. What age do you say she is?"

"Four or five-and-twenty at the outside. She has been playing in the provinces and at the minor theatres for two or three years now, but without attracting attention until last season, when, her histrionic capabilities coming under the notice of Bertin, he wrote a piece specially for her, which woke us all up to the reality of her talent, and she became the rage. Poor Bertin! He paid dearly for his appreciation of her genius."

"How so?"

"He fell so deeply in love with her that when she refused him he went mad with the disappointment. He is now in the Biotre."

"Poor wretch! A sad fate, truly!"

"And he is not the only victim, if report be true. You knew the young Duc de Grandier? He shot himself in the Rue de Rivoli, only a few weeks back, if you remember, for no apparent motive; but Mademoiselle Diane knows why, or I am greatly mistaken. She is like her namesake, she declares, and not made for love, but the men go wild for her all the same."

"What should make her averse to the tender passion? Most women—"

"Ah! he must not class her with the rest of her sex. She is unique, mon enfant, peerless—"

"Ha! ha! are you a devotee, also?" laughs his companion, but breaking off abruptly as the tinkle of the prompter's bell is heard.

A deep, an intense silence has fallen upon the audience, and almost breathlessly they await the entrance of the great artist, who holds them spell-bound by the magic of her art.

From the moment of her appearance till the curtain falls, the Frenchman's companion gazes at her as if in a dream. She seems to him like a haunting memory of one dead years and years ago, and her voice has

The sound of a voice that is still.

Where has he seen her before? he asks himself, again and again, but without success so long as she wears the attire proper to the part.

When, however, she comes forward at the close of the piece in response to the deafening calls for "Diane," robed in black velvet, fashioned in the mode of the day, her ebony hair knotted carelessly at the back of the small, proudly-carried head—comes forward with a light yet firm tread, smiling a radiant, happy smile, bowing repeatedly and gracefully to the plaudits of the crowd—the mists clear suddenly from the tablets of memory, and he knows her—this highly-gifted woman, this syren for whom men go mad and die—for the lost love of his youth, Belle Lestrangle.

He is too far back to be recognized by her, but a card, sent in to her dressing-room, procures him instant admittance, and ere many minutes are over he is holding her to his heart; and gazing fondly down at the witching face which has never flushed with love for any man save himself, he tells in broken utterances of his sorrow and despair at her loss, his belief in her death, and his rapture at finding she still lives.

"Come!" she exclaims, at length, "you must go with me to-night. I have much to tell you,



but not here. My rooms are not far off. You are disengaged, I trust?"

He answers in the affirmative, and together they are driven away in the dashing equipage that awaits her.

It is late—very late—are they dream of parting. The elderly lady who lives with her as chaperone anathematizes lovers as awful bores many times ere she yields to the seductions of Morpheus and falls asleep in her easy-chair. They have so much to make clear to one another, so much lost time to redeem, as it were, that they grow oblivious of everything except the great theme of life—love!

He has told her of the finding of the body of the woman whom all had believed to be herself, and of Caleb's being flogged for the murder, and his obstinate silence when questioned by him, Anthony.

"I am sorry now I struck him, for he may have had reasons, weighty reasons, for not speaking. But you have not told me all the particulars of your flight. Who told you about the Quaker family who managed what we used to call the 'underground railroad' to Canada, and helped you to cross the river to their house? Who was your accomplice in the first instance?"

"Would you like to see him?" she queries.

Without waiting for a reply, she touches a silver bell, which is speedily answered.

"Send the coachman here."

In obedience to the summons a negro, in a quiet, unobtrusive livery, enters the room—a negro with a frightful scar disfiguring the whole of the left side of his face.

"There," she cries, in thrilling tones, as she rises, and points one taper finger towards him—"there stands the man who saved my honour; the man who made my escape a certainty by bearing the reproach of murder for my sake; the man who, to fulfil his promise to me, bore stripes without a murmur—though I knew not till this moment that it was your hand, Anthony, that had dealt the cruellest!" and her glance rests reproachfully on her lover.

Anthony Oldham starts back amazed.

"Is it possible?"

"Ay, it is true. He knew that my best chance lay in keeping up the mistake that had arisen in connection with the corpse, and he had vowed to me that you should never know for your own sake. Now we stand on a different footing, thank Heaven! Then I was a slave, and never would I have wedded you being such. It was best you should deem me dead; but Caleb bore a penalty I would not willingly have entailed upon the preservation of his oath. My more than brother!" taking his black, hard hand in her soft little palm, and before he can prevent it, laying her quivering lips upon it.

"Miss Belle!" he exclaims, using the old name, as he is apt to do in moments of excitement, glittering drops rivaling in brilliance the diamonds in her ear-pendants gathering beneath his sable lashes, "I would bar it all over again to hear ye call me *dar*! 'More dan brudder'!" he repeats, under his breath, as if the words were sweetest music to him—"More dan brudder!"

"And can you forgive me, Caleb?" asks Anthony, holding out his hand in turn. "That I knew not what I did must be my excuse—a poor one, I know. Henceforth I will try and act towards you more in accordance with the spirit of that law which declares that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that all we are brethren.'"

"Mas'r Oldham," stammers Caleb, overwhelmed by the novelty of the situation, "I forgive ye freely, mas'r. Ye hain't no call to think any more on't; she's paid me ober and ober agen, bress her! I'm proud on't, mas'r." he goes on, excitedly, passing his finger lovingly over the scar. "I would not part with it for any money. I got it for her sake, and I'll keep it for ever if it gibe me the right to be called by her, 'More dan brudder'!"

Some ladies who do a great deal of fancy work don't fancy work a bit.

## THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

### SLEEP.—II.

We find in a recent number of a United States gazette, a most interesting article on the causes, inequalities, and disorders of sleep. Whilst regretting our inability to give a complete reproduction, our readers would be pleased if we put before them a succinct analysis of the article.

In the first place, what is sleep? asks the author. Modern observation and research seem to prove that it results from a diminution in the quantity, and in the rapidity of the circulation, of the blood. Should the circulation be again accelerated by any cause whatever, the person awakes. The experiments made by eminent American doctors remove all species of doubt from this subject. Moreover, a very curious pathological case has permitted the study of the state of the brain during sleep to be made. It occurred in the case of a woman in Montpelier, who, from the effects of an accident, had lost a part of the skull and brain; and the membranes were thus easily examined. In deep sleep the brain appeared almost motionless, in light sleep it moved, and whenever the sick woman dreamed (as she declared when once awake) the brain advanced and projected across the opening in the skull. Other experiments have been made to verify this fact. But these observations are in complete contradiction to the theory which holds that sleep is owing to a pressure by the veins becoming distended, in fact, to a venous congestion. From more recent experiments it results that whenever a pressure is exercised on the veins, when a repletion follows, the symptoms produced are not those of sleep, but those of torpor, coma, and convulsions. This interpretation is, besides, in direct agreement with what is seen in certain maladies accompanied by these symptoms. Something very simple and easily noticed confirms this. If we examine a person asleep his face appears paler than usual. On awakening the redness rises, and we all agree in saying that during sleep the general circulation is slackened at the same time as the respiration.

The disorders of sleep may be divided into four classes, which are: mental disorder, disorder received from morbid affection, that which results from the absence of proper sanitary causes, and lastly, disorder depending on the habits. Let us pass at once to the last two classes, which come within the scope of sanitation.

It is specially in populous cities that one may chiefly trace the disorders of sleep to a bad system of sanitation in the poorer districts. The inhabitants are crowded in rooms much too limited in size; the same room serves at once for laundry, kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and bedroom. It is impossible to find in such an atmosphere restorative and healthy sleep. The atmosphere is loaded with smoky odours and all kinds of deleterious gases capable of engendering diseases. But this is not only restricted to the capital and large towns. Almost everywhere too little attention is given to the situation, the size, and ventilation of bedrooms. Dining-rooms and sitting-rooms receive the greatest attention of the builder, the architect, and the proprietor; but the chambers in which we pass a third of our existence in good health, and all our time in ill-health, are obscure and without proper ventilation. How could one sleep in such conditions so contrary to repose and for the renewal of our exhausted energies? Excess of heat or cold should be avoided, if we wish to sleep soundly. Bedrooms should be heated in winter and cooled in summer. We should never use an over-abundance of bed-clothes or feather beds.

The disorders of sleep may also depend on bad habits. Many persons find sleep difficult, and there are many persons who, even in a state of ordinary health, are unable to sleep. This arises greatly from the irregularity in the hour of going to bed. It is an established fact that constipation is frequently the result of negligence in obeying the voice of nature, and that

this constipation may be easily cured by retiring to rest every day at the same hour. The habit of sleeplessness is not very difficult to cure. Other persons, allowing themselves to be pursued by the cares and work of the daytime, suffer, and do not sleep, and when morning comes, find themselves more fatigued than in the evening. This uninterrupted tension of the nerves is very prejudicial to health, and, if it is prolonged, renders sleep impossible—in fact, sometimes assumes a form of insanity.

In conclusion, health, happiness, and long life are more or less dependent on a normal period of slumber.

## THE HOUSEWIFE.

**WATER SOUCHY.**—This is a mode of dressing fresh water fish of every description, such as gudgeons, perch, eels, flounders, etc.; they must be quite fresh, cleaned and trimmed. Put them in a stew-pan and cover them in water; add a few parsley leaves and roots cut in shreds, a few green onions cut very fine, a little horse-radish, and a bay-leaf, seasoned with pepper and salt; skim it carefully when it boils. When the fish is quite done, send it up in a deep dish or tureen; also a few slices of bread and butter on a plate.

**IMITATION OF FINDHORN HADDOKS.**—Let the fish be well cleaned, and laid in salt for two hours; let the water drain from them, and then wet them with pyroligneous acid; they may be split or not; then hang them in a dry situation for a day or two, or longer, if you please. When broiled, they have the flavour of the Findhorn haddock, and will keep sweet for a long time.

**DEEBY OR SHORT CAKES.**—Rub with the hand two pounds of butter into four pounds of sifted flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of moist sugar, two eggs, mixed altogether with a pint of milk, roll it out thin, and cut it into round or square cakes with a cutter; lay them on a clean baking sheet, and bake them about five minutes in a middling-heated oven.

**PUDDINGS THAT ARE QUICKLY MADE WITHOUT MUCH EXPENSE.**—Beat up four spoonfuls of flour with a pint of milk and four eggs to a good batter, nutmegs and sugar to your taste; butter tea-cups, fill them three-parts full and send them to the oven. A quarter of an hour will bake them.

**TO MAKE OYSTER CATSUP.**—One hundred of large oysters, with all their liquor; one pound of anchovies; three pints of white wine; one lemon with half the peel; boil gently for half an hour, then strain, and add cloves and mace, of each a quarter of an ounce, one nutmeg sliced; boil a quarter of an hour, then add two ounces of shallots. When cold, bottle it with the spice and shallots. If the oysters be large they should be cut.

**DAMSON JAM.**—Bake the fruit sufficiently to enable you to separate the stones readily, then boil the fruit in the proportion of three quarters of a pound of good moist sugar to a pint of fruit after the stones are removed.

**BLACKBERRY JAM.**—To every pound of berries add half a pound of coarse brown sugar, and boil the mass for three quarters of an hour, or a little longer if the fruit was wet, stirring it well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found most useful in families, particularly for children, regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with physic.

**PLAIN CAKE.**—Three quarters pound of flour; the same of moist sugar; quarter pound of butter; one egg; two table-spoonfuls of milk. Mix all together and bake it.

**RICE CAKES.**—Eight eggs; half the whites; whip them swiftly for ten minutes; half pound ground rice; six ounces powdered sugar; the peel of one lemon grated. Whip all together half an hour with a whisk; butter the tin and bake twenty minutes. If a few caraway seeds are added this cake is strongly recommended for weak stomachs.

## FACETIÆ.

## THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

(Written in a Lawyer's Office.)

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,  
Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—  
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrine  
In freehold nests; themselves their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court!  
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—  
Season of frolic and of sport!  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

How can a man and his wife be one, when  
The woman is won herself?

"I see through it now," as the maid servant  
said when she knocked the bottom out of the  
pail.

"GENTLY the dews are o'er me stealing," as  
the man said when he had five due bills pre-  
sented to him at one time.

A MAN who has just been stung by an angry  
bee is taking his first lesson in rudimentary  
education. He is learning a bee! See?

"I CAN'T find bread for my family," said a  
lazy vagabond. "Nor I," responded an indus-  
trious mechanic; "I have to work for it."

"THOU rain'st in this bosom," as the roman-  
tic chap was singing when a basin of water was  
thrown over him by the lady he was serenad-  
ing.

"PA," quoth Sammie to his sire, "why don't  
you go out West?" "Why do you ask, my  
boy?" "Because Bill Higgins went there and  
he struck a banana." "A bonanza, you mean,  
Sammie." "Well, what's the difference?"  
"Why, when people strike a bonanza it sets  
them up, and when they strike a banana it sets  
them down."

As a lady was walking in Washington Street,  
Boston, a short time ago, a gentleman's button  
caught hold of the fringe of her shawl. Some  
moments elapsed before the parties separated.  
"I am attached to you," said the gentleman,  
good humouredly, while he was industriously  
trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual,  
sir," was the good-humoured reply.

OVERWORKED.—He came home late at night,  
and his wife woke up and found him with a  
burning match, trying to light the faucet over  
the marble basin in his dressing-room. "James,"  
she said, "that is not the gas-burner." "I  
know it now, my love," he replied, unsteadily;  
"fact is I've been overworked, and that's  
reason made mistake." "Yes, you look as if  
you had been liftin' a good deal," she quietly  
answered, as she returned to her pillow.

ONE day an old woman from the clachan of  
Campsie entered Mr. Reid's book-shop at Glas-  
gow, inquiring for "a Testament, on a mair  
than ordinar round teep!" One of the largest  
size was shown to her, which she carefully ex-  
amined, exacting a serious tribute on Mr. R.'s  
patience. "This ane 'ill no do. It's a pity,  
noo, for it's a bonnie book. Hae ye ony the  
same size, but w' the print about twice as  
grit?" "No such Testament printed in Scot-  
land," was the reply. "Weel, I'll tell ye what  
ye may do, sin' I hav given you a' this trouble!  
I'm gaun wast a' the gate to Anderston to see a  
brither's bairn that I maun see afore I leave the  
town, an' ye can just put your stamper-irons in  
the fire, and cast an aff to me by the time that  
I come back—we'll no cast out about the  
price."

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAY G.—1. A paste made of flour and water, and boiled  
till thick and glutinous, would be the best for your pur-  
pose. 2. The rabbit may be fed on oats, wheat, Indian  
corn, or buck-wheat, taking care that it has sufficient  
green-meet, and not too much. The best feeding times  
are, very early in the morning and again at sunset.

B. JEWINS.—The pimples on your face arise from im-  
purity of the blood. Try Clark's Blood Mixture. Our  
correspondent asks, can anyone inform her of Mr. Kent's  
address, seller of suits for athletes, gymnasts, etc.?

G. NEWMAN.—Most of Mr. Dowling's novels are pub-  
lished at Tinsley's, Catherine Street, Strand.

A. WINTER.—The best promoters for strengthening  
and thickening the hair are, keeping it scrupulously clean  
and frequently cutting it. Having the head shaved would  
cause it to grow thicker, but we fear the gray hairs  
would again appear. The hair, if kept well brushed, does  
not require grease. Beef marrow clarified and cocoa-nut  
oil are, we believe, equally good.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Barley-meal, mixed into a stiff dough  
with equal portions of milk and water.

K. P.—Pleasant and pretty, if not a beautiful face.

ANXIOUS INQUIRY.—A man is bound to maintain his  
wife's children, even if they are by a former marriage,  
until they attain the age of sixteen.

BLUE-COAT BOY.—1. The school was founded in 1533,  
by Edward VI. The paintings you mention represent:  
one, Edward VI. granting the charter of incorporation;  
the other, James II. receiving the mathematical pupils.

GERMAN.—The university is the oldest in Germany,  
and is celebrated as being the residence of John Huss  
and Jerome of Prague, the great Reformers.

FARMER.—The horse should be clipped.

SUFFERER.—Mix four ounces of yellow wax, three  
ounces of Burgundy pitch, one ounce of turpentine, and  
half an ounce of powdered verdigris, over the fire. When  
cold, spread on a piece of leather or linen and place over  
the corn.

AMY.—1. "Poems by Two Brothers" were published  
when Tennyson was seventeen, and were written by him-  
self and his brother Charles. 2. Dr. George Clayton  
Tennyson, the poet's father, was rector of Somerby.  
3. The lines—

"But for the inquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The said mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain,"

are in Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

DAINTY.—The following are the ingredients: one pound  
of white sugar, quarter of a pound of tartaric acid, forty  
drops of essence of lemon, with three quarts of water.  
Put the water while boiling over the sugar, and when  
cold add the tartaric acid and the essence of lemon.

MADELINE.—The play "Vespers of Palermo" was  
written by Mrs. Hemans, and acted at Covent Garden,  
in December, 1821. You were quite correct in saying Sir  
Walter Scott wrote the epilogue.

ELLEN LEE.—Reading aloud can be mastered by con-  
tinual practice. It is very rarely one meets with a per-  
son possessing this pleasing and instructing accomplish-  
ment. No reading would be interesting or intelligent if  
the reader did not enter fully into the fire and spirit of  
the emotions depicted, or did not thoroughly understand  
what he was reading. Every word should be articulated  
roundly and distinctly, and the voice modulated and  
varied according to the feelings and emotions suggested.  
Read slowly, and with deliberation, keeping the mind  
and eye in advance of the tongue. The following sen-  
tences may be rendered intelligibly. 2. You can gen-  
erally pick up a book of poems selected for recitations at a  
second-hand book stall, and at very little cost.

CLEOPATRA.—At the request of one of our correspon-  
dents, we subjoin the Lord's Prayer as printed by William  
Caxton, in 1413: "Father our that art in heavens, hal-  
lowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come to us; Thy will  
be done on earth as it is in heaven; our every-day bread  
give us to-day; and forgive us our trespasses, as we for-  
give them that trespass against us; and lead us not into  
temptation, but deliver us from all evil sin; amen."

ROSE TREE.—Keep the house well ventilated.

BEAT-TENTS.—1. The sugar-cane grows from six to  
twelve, and even fifteen, feet high. 2. Originally from  
Asia, and was introduced into the West Indies by Colum-  
bus and his followers.

LADY-BIRD.—"Oyez!" signifies "hear ye!"

LOVER OF SOUTHERY.—1. The Inchcape Rock lies east  
of the Isle of May, in the German Sea. 2. About twelve  
miles from the land.

MUDDLER.—You will find the description of the fare-  
well of Launcelot and Guinevere in Tennyson's "Idylls of  
the King."

RUDE ONE.—Putting the thumb to the nose and spread-  
ing the fingers out is called "Queen Anne's Fan."

LORD SPARKER.—"Good-bye" is an abbreviation of  
"God be wi' ye."

ROYALIST.—The paper on "The Private Duties of Life"  
appeared in No. 39 of "Chambers' Information for the  
People."

ESMERALDA.—1. "Posement" in music signifies  
"softly," "gently"; "Premiere," "first"; and  
"Presto," "quickly." 2. French words. 3. Will come  
with constant practice.

ALABASTER.—The descendants of Anak means men  
of gigantic stature. Anak was a giant of Palestine.

CHELIA.—"Emma" is of German origin, and signifies  
"tender," "affectionate." "Henry," also derived from  
the German, means "a rich lord."

EMOND.—Lincolnshire, not Staffordshire, was the  
county in which the Poet Laureate was born, in 1810.

FARMER'S WIFE.—Perhaps the milk is placed in too  
deep a vessel. Cream cannot rise through a great depth  
of milk; therefore it should be placed in shallow dishes,  
not exceeding an inch in depth. Then, again, the tem-  
perature greatly interferes with the rising of cream, the  
milk being poorer and thinner in cold, damp weather  
than in warm.

LATVA KING.—Why are you dissatisfied with the  
emerald in your engagement-ring? The emerald signi-  
fies happiness in love, and domestic felicity. Your lover  
probably had that in his thoughts when he presented it  
to you, and did not imagine how much better a diamond  
would have pleased you.

GEORGE TOWLINS.—The tartar has been allowed to re-  
main too long upon the teeth to be erased by anything  
but scraping. Consult a dentist.

FANST.—Thanks very much for your kind letter. We  
are glad you like the story. Yes, the characters are  
taken from life.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Bathing the nose and closed  
eyes with spirits of camphor and water will relieve you.

TIGOS G.—1. Single-stick is a capital healthful ex-  
ercise, and may be taught by any drill-sergeant. 2. A burn  
is generally more serious than a scald. Apply flour  
thickly over the part, bandaging it with strips of linen.  
Relief will be at once experienced. Cotton-wool is also  
excellent in such a case, but flour is generally more  
handy.

WENTWORTH C.—A pyramid is a solid figure whose base  
is a polygon, and whose sides are plain triangles, their  
several points meeting in one. 2. The Great Pyramid  
covers thirteen acres of ground. 3. See our last number.

JENU.—1. A couple of hunters would be necessary, a  
pair of carriage horses, and say two for ordinary use.  
This is the least you could do with under the circum-  
stances. 2. Advertise in "The Field." 3. About £20.

FELICITAS.—1. Satin or moire; a brocade would look  
well for the body and trimmings. 2. Nun's veiling or  
cashmere is the most suitable during the present season.  
3. The hat looks well if made to match the dress, though  
it is not now de rigueur. Thanks for good wishes.

SYLVIA.—The quotation you name is from "A Mid-  
summer Night's Dream." Thanks.

IRETON BRIDGE.—1. There is a new song of that title,  
but it is of the music-hall order, and quite unsuited to  
"ears polite." 2. The first eruption of Vesuvius on re-  
cord occurred in A.D. 73, and Pliny the Elder was suffo-  
cated in the sulphurous smoke. 3. No.

CORA.—Give arrowroot for a time, and then again try  
milk. 2. An excellent rice-pudding without eggs is made  
as follows. One teaspoon of rice to a quart of milk, sweet-  
ened to taste; place in a very slow oven, and bake for a  
couple of hours, until done.

BRISTAL H.—Coal is a fossil, so you have lost your bet.  
We are sorry for you, but advise you to be less positive  
next time.

ASSISTANT.—1. Go to one of the hospitals, and, no  
matter how much pain you may have to suffer, undergo  
the operation at once, as delay is dangerous in such a  
case. 2. You can make what return you please.

QUERY.—1. "Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim,"  
is the first line of the fourth epistle in Pope's "Essay on  
Man." 2. No. 3. Sound the shal-e in Ephraïme,  
Melpomene, etc.

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